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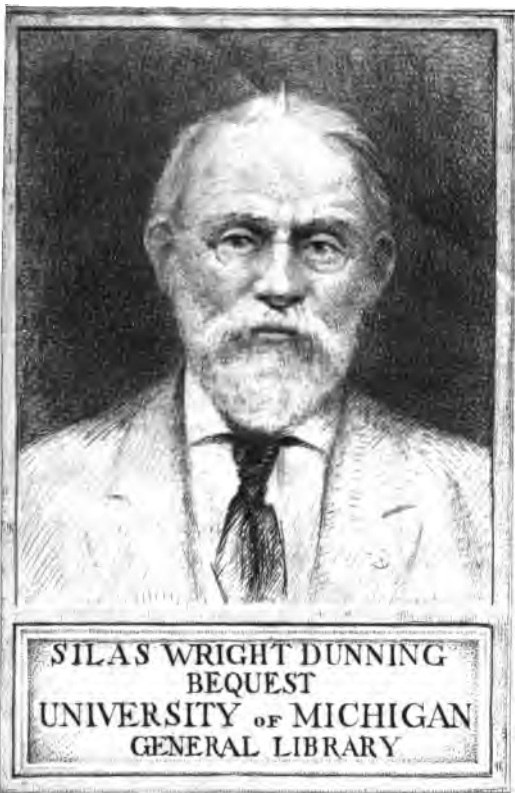
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David Ogilvy  
THE  
H I S T O R Y

OF THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF  
Mr Anderson.

CONTAINING  
His strange Varieties of Fortune  
IN  
EUROPE AND AMERICA.

---

COMPILED FROM HIS OWN PAPERS.

---

——— *If there is a Power above us,  
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud,  
Thro' all her works, he must delight in Virtue,  
And that which he delights in must be happy.*

ADDISON.

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THE

# LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

MR ANDERSON.

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**T**HOUGH it is the usual custom of the biographer to set forth to his subject by a detail of the family and parentage of his hero; yet my readers will at once perceive that an attempt of that kind, would be unnatural, if not impossible in me; as Mr *Anderson* plunged into the deepest calamities of life, from being accidentally deprived of that knowledge himself; and, from that fatal cause, experienced a series of misfortunes equally capable of affecting the head and improving the heart. If the narrative I am about to present to the public, insensibly, under the guise of a rational entertainment, steals instruction upon the peruser, and produces benefit to the mind; if it should draw the hard bound tear from the

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eye of inhumanity ; if whilst the souls *that bleed for others woes, that feel for suffering merit's deep distress*, lend an attentive ear, or eye, to this strange story ; it serves to mollify unfeeling, obdurate cruelty, I shall have my wish, and the trouble I have been at to fashion my friends memoirs, will be well repaid ; for I am of the poet's opinion, that

*One moral, or a mere well natur'd deed,  
Does all desert in sciences exceed.*

In a most delightful evening of the month of May 1697, a well dress'd man coming from an house in *Portugal-Row* in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields*, with an amiably featur'd child in his hand, to appearance about seven years of age, made a sudden stop, as if he had forgot somewhat in the house he came from, and saying *Tommy stay at the door a minute, I'll be back directly*, left him at the gate and returned in doors. This whole action was perceived by a man in a seafaring dress, who had fauntered down the row, and who passing the child, and being witness to the circumstance of leaving him, ey'd him with great pleasure, and, chucking him under the chin, asked him if that was his pappā, who was just gone in, to which the innocent prattler answered yes, and, unused to so rough a voice, fell a crying. The enquirer

then left him and walked to some distance, but finding the father did not return so suddenly as he expected, and that no servant came out to him, he again walked towards the child, and told him he would carry him to his pappa, who was gone out another way, upon which he very willingly gave him his hand. For some minutes he walked slowly, still looking for his father's appearance; but preceiving, when he got to the end of the row, that the coast continued clear, he took him up in his arms, and hastened out of the fields as expeditiously as his legs would carry him. The few people that were passing and repassing, it may be supposed were either too intent upon their own affairs to take notice of these incidents, or else imagined the seaman had some acquaintance with the child, or his parents; or, if otherwise, might be of that class of mortals who would not turn out of their ways, or busy their heads to do a humane or charitable action, where the least trouble or difficulty attended it, contenting themselves with this merciless adage, *People must take care of their own---I have enough to do to mind one; for such wretches really exist in human shape.*

The fellow hastened through the city, soothing the infant with tarts, apples and other trash, which he bought as he went along,

and with the repeated assurances of bringing him to his pappā, for whom he often enquired with a whimpering tone; by which devices he kept him pretty quiet till he came to his rendezvous in *St Catharine's*, where he pretended that it was the child of a relation, that was going with him to *Bristol*, for which place he was to set off the very next morning; but notwithstanding all the arts he made use of, and the assiduous solicitude of his landlady and her people, the poor innocent cry'd most piercingly, till weariness closed his eyes, and left him in the quiet custody of ruder hands than ever before he seemed to have experienced the touch of. As soon as the morning dawned, he was carried on board a small coasting vessel, in which his present possessor was a passenger, which quickly unmoored and stood seaward.

The floating, volatile ideas of children, soon shift and change from one object to another; their loves and aversions arrive to no degree of steadiness, before reason begins to dawn upon their minds, and, consequently, as all the contrivances were made use of to keep him in good humour, during a passage of only three days, he was brought to the intended port, pleased and contented, and still buoy'd up with the promise of seeing his pappā, whom he now and then faintly en-

quired after, and his mamma, whom he had three or four times mentioned, during the voyage.

Dreadful, no doubt, was the situation of the unfortunate parents of the unhappy boy. Can paternal or maternal tenderness receive a greater pain than such an uncertain privation, perhaps of an only, fondly beloved pledge of mutual affection? Would not an assurance of death---the following him to the grave, have been infinitely more tolerable, than the thousand heart-breaking, anxious fears, that tortured their souls in the perplexing doubts of the hands their child had fallen into, the usage he had or was likely to meet with? but we must leave them to their killing anguish, and to prayers to the protector of innocence, and return to our young adventurer.

The man who had thus kidnapp'd this little cherub was the master of a vessel belonging to *Bristol*, then lying in *Kingroad*, bound to the coast of *Guinea*, upon the slave trade, and had taken a sudden trip to *London*, to consult with one of his owners there, upon some matters relating to his voyage; he was a single man, and having no house or lodgings on shore, repaired, upon his arrival, on board his own vessel, with poor

Tommy, whom he destined for his companion and bedfellow, in the long and unhealthy voyage which he was going. He had all the roughness and brutality usual to his profession, mingled, however, with an insinuating air, that was the process of an abominable vice, that I must too soon be obliged to hint at. As to his principles, I shall not need to describe them; the facts, that will follow, will afford a sufficient portrait of him to my readers. Still he continued highly to caress and fondle his little messmate, by which means he in a manner obliterated all the remaining traces of his parents, and soon brought him to call him by the endearing appellation of his pappas; so that, bating the little sickness of his former voyage, after having proper necessaries and linen provided for him as a child of the captain's relation, he felt no other uneasiness, and the ship set sail, whilst he diverted himself in the round-house with the toys that had been given him for that purpose.

Hitherto, the reader will be apt to imagine that the captain had conceived a sudden fondness for this child at first sight, from view of his enchanting countenance which was continued by farther knowledge of his pretty society; a desire solely to breed him up as his own, and to supply the defect of

offspring, without the cares or turmoils of matrimony, at the expence only of making a family miserable ; contenting himself with the salvo of supplying the tenderness of the parents, by his own. Such instances perhaps may be produced ; but this, alas ! was far from being one of them. *Tom* was, though small of stature for his age, and backward in his speech, of a most exact proportion of body, and a charming symmetry of features, and by his dress and behaviour, evidenced his being born of parents above the common rank ; his eyes were black, and already, his hair of the same hue, hung in tresses curling in his neck, his skin was fair as alabaster, and his little plump lips and cheeks were like roses : A painter could not have had a finer original to have copied a *Cupid* from, or a statuary to form one of those cherubs that are seen hovering over the monuments of the departed great and good.

When some few days had passed, and the distance from any superior authority left this wretch tyrant of his wooden world, without appeal or controul, and *Tom* had, in some measure, conquered the sickness of this unusual element, he began to treat him in the villainous manner, for which he had reserved him ; to make him the subject of the

worst, most shocking and most unnatural lust. The poor child much injured, much abused, soon lost his colour and complexion; but innocent and ignorant of any ill, but the pain he suffered, upon the least complaint was severely whipped, under the notion of illness none of the ship's crew were permitted to see him, and he was kept closely confined in *Williamson's* state room, for that was his tormentor's name, which for ever will be remembered with the infamy it deserves.

We must not expect that all-seeing Providence should, according to our expectations, always punish even the most degrading and abominable crimes :

*The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,  
Puzzled with mazes, and perplex'd with  
errors :*

*Our understanding traces them in vain,  
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;  
Nor sees with how much art the windings  
run,*

*Nor where the regular confusion ends.*

The success of a voyage that one would imagine would have been disappointed by thunder from heaven, of a ship that seemed marked for the blast of avenging lightning, from the divine displeasure, was so extraordinary,



that they completed their lading of slaves in less than six weeks, and safely arrived at *Sene-puxon* inlet in *Maryland*, where *Williamson* disposed of his cargo to advantage, and had almost completed his returns for *Europe*, before he had determined the fate of the hapless boy. By this time, he had completed his eighth year, and though so cruelly treated, so wickedly robbed of the instructions and cares of his parents, discovered a promising genius, and a softness and good nature of disposition, that would have melted any heart, but that of the villain who had him in his power; but he was grown pale, thin and emaciated, and his condition threatened no great number of additional days to his existence. To this state of his health he owed his deliverance; the brute, who was actuated by avarice as well as worse passions, apprehending he would die at sea, determined to make money of this innocent venture, before his departure, and accordingly agreed with an eminent planter to dispose of his future liberty for the sum of *ten pounds* sterling, which the planter was the more ready to pay, as he had an only daughter of near the same age, on whom his pride and vanity told him, he would be a very ornamental attendant. *Williamson* did shew so much humanity and shew of conscience, as to persuade him to be kind

to him, telling him he was the son of an unfortunate relation, that he had bred as his own, and with whom he would not have parted, could he have dealt as well by him on shipboard, or had he a settlement at home to fix him at. By these means poor *Tommy* shifted masters, and was delivered to Mr *Barlow*, for that was his present patron's name, who was a man of large possessions, the lord of many thousand acres, and of several hundred slaves; but as to his disposition, full as base and wicked as *Williamson*. *Tommy* was had to his house, and received by Mrs *Barlow* and her little daughter *Fanny*, with delight and tenderness, and in a few days discovered by his perfect recovery, the benefit he received from the air, and his distance from the wretch who had near destroyed him, and from whom, so sensible the little fellow was grown, he parted without the semblance of a tear.

*Barlow*, who was concerned in *Williamson's* cargo, did not accompany his purchase to his house, which was near twenty miles from the sea; but stay'd tipling on board, and at the neighbouring plantations with the captain, till he was ready to proceed on his voyage. In one of these drunken bouts, as is often the case, both rogues alike and birds of a feather, they began to crack of the many

arts they had practised to defraud in traffic, and, from thence, to brag of the various enormities they had been guilty of, in the gratification of their passions, with impunity. *Williamson* scorned to be undone, and layed him a wager that he had got money that voyage, by a method the cunningest *Marylander* had never thought of, and, in fine, betrayed the whole secret of poor *Tommy's* capture, defying *Barlow* to match it with a stroke of so much *éclat*. *Barlow* at first was somewhat shocked, and damn'd his companion for a miscreant and a villain; but soon join'd him in his laugh upon the occasion, and agreed to applaud it as a masterpiece, concluding—well d—n me, perhaps he'll make as good a man under me as he would at home. As soon as *Williamson* failed, the righteous planter returned home; but before we enter the house with him, let us take a survey of the treatment *Tommy* received before his arrival.

Mrs *Barlow* was a woman of sense and humanity, of many extraordinary endowments, and a mother; she was surprized that there could be persons so hard hearted to sell innocent and hapless infancy, to perpetual servitude; when perhaps, as ills are common to all alike, and the most affluent may meet with a reverse of fortune, their own children might be exposed to the merciless

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hands of strangers. This was the reflection she made at the first sight of the hapless boy; but, when his spirits were a little revived, he appeared so lively, and of so amiable a temper, that, before the return of her husband, he had made such a quick progress in her affections, she began to look upon him, even with the tenderness of a mother, which was sensibly encreased by her *Fanny's* fondness for her new playmate, who could not bear him out of her sight, and for whom he seemed to have contracted an equal affection. Indeed, bating the difference of sex, they were so alike, now *Tommy* had recovered from his ill usage and fatigues, that every body were surprized at it, and pronounced, if they had not been certain of the contrary, they should have believed them twins from the same womb. *Fanny*, as to temper, had all her mother, but nothing of her father about her, and, as the plantations lie pretty wide from each other, and the prudence of her mother had kept her from any intercourse with the children of their *Negroes*, she had seen few white children, and consequently was still the more pleased with *Tommy's* company. For a fortnight, thus all was happiness with him, at the expiration of which time *Barlow* arrived, and his spouse and daughter ran to the door to meet him; but I must assure my reader, that it was in

token of respect, not of affection; for he had ever behaved to his amiable wife and child with a moroseness very near bordering upon ill usage and brutality; so that they looked upon him with a kind of fear and trembling, whenever he was at home, and yet *Fanny* could not help crying, Pappa, see, here's *Tommy*—my pretty *Tommy* at play with me! for this was the only name he went by, and immediately took him by the hand to bring him forward; upon which her father exclaimed, G—d d—n me, madam, I sent this brat as a servant for your girl, not as a companion—let loose his hand you little b—h——fine work truly—get you gone, sirrah, into the kitchen. *Fanny* and her partner looked earnestly upon Mrs *Barlow*, and fell a crying; and poor *Tommy* remembering the old discipline of the whip, innocently fell upon his knees, and with his little hands uplifted, begged pardon, and said he would do so no more—Pray don't whip me!—Mrs *Barlow*, quite melted at this sight, took them both in her arms, with the tears standing in her eyes, saying, for God's sake, Mr *Barlow*, don't frighten the children so—don't speak so roughly to 'em—can't you soften those ungracious features for once? You may be damn'd, and they too—my will shall be obey'd—and so furlily passed them,

and walked into the parlour, where the taking off his boots gave time to the good woman to sooth *Tommy*, and carry him into the kitchen, to the care of a female servant, from whence she could hardly get her daughter away without him, to go with her to attend this piece of wedded inhumanity. The servant's name was *Molly Baeble*, a native of *Bristol*, and remarkably fond of children; and, indeed, in every thing else of a disposition that merited a better fate, than to have been indented to such a master; so that she took great care of *Tommy*, and dried up his tears, but could not prevent his looking often anxiously towards the house, and asking for his mamma and sister; for so the good Mrs *Barlow* had instructed him to call them, and praying her not to let that great angry man carry him away and whip him. Mean time, *Barlow*, having a little recovered from his ill temper, began, all at once, to tell his wife the story he had learned from *Williamson* of *Tommy*—concluding with—d—n me, he'll be better done by here than at home, perhaps—some beggar's brat, I suppose—but, by G—d, never was so barefaced, so impudent an affair executed before.——D---n me, he beats me all to pieces,——d---n me if he don't.

The poor woman was so overcome with

this execrable narration; that she was ready to faint; and, as soon as her tears would permit utterance, she cried, Good God! is it possible that you can treat so ludicrously, so base, so criminal an action? Oh Mr *Barlow*, you have a child of your own—if please God, our heads were laid, what miseries may she not be subject to—gracious heaven! what must be the sufferings of his poor parents!—dear infant!—how ill has he been treated—Lord avert from me and mine, the judgments this husband has called upon us, by being privy to this damnable deed, and not stopping the rascal who committed it, for punishment; but I am resolved to make him amends—I'll consider him as my own—he shall however feel the tenderness of a mother. D—n your preaching, the brute returned—he's my slave for life, and a good bargain he'll be—where's *Fanny*!—*Fanny* indeed was gone sily out of the room, and Mrs *Barlow* suspecting where, ran into the kitchen (which in *America* is generally distant from the house) where she found her daughter with her arms round *Tom's* neck, and his round her's, kissing each other, and heard her say at her entrance, Pappa shan't beat you, *Tommy*!—he shall beat me—and him reply—no not beat you—beat me before! Charm'd as she was at the sight, she was obliged to give him a sudden kiss; and

tearing *Fanny* from him, returned with her to her father, who shaking her rudely by the arm, said, Huffy, "how dare you go away the minute I came in—I'll knock your brains out if you do so again! Pappa, she innocently replied, I only went to see my *Tommy* brother—shall I go and fetch him here too?—This pretty speech quite irritated her father, who getting up, cried, Oh, by G—d, I'll soon see your *Tommy*, and snatching a cow-skin up (a twisted thong with which they usually discipline their *Negroes*) stalked away to look for the innocent victim of his fury; but *Molly* perceiving him coming, claped him into a cupboard, bidding him not speak, by which his search was eluded, and he returned, cursing and swearing, into the house, that he had given so much money for him—adding, D—n me, if I wanted children, I can get 'em myself fast enough—but I'll work his buff, I warrant him—he shall learn to hoe very soon—I'll punish you and your daughter for your fondness, I say I will! He continued raving thus for the remainder of the evening, till weariness closed his eyes, and removed him to bed before his usual time, on occasion of his coming off a journey and hard drinking; and, as soon as he was fast, Mrs *Barlow* went into the kitchen with *Fanny* to see the little prisoner, who soon forgot his frights



in their embraces : she told *Molly* the story, and consulted with her how to dispose of him the next day, till she should have time to bring her husband into a better temper in regard to him ; and they agreed, the best method was to send him to one *Ferguson's*, who had formerly been their servant ; but at the expiration of his time, had set up for himself in a small neighbouring plantation ; where he also practised the business of a surgeon and schoolmaster, and had lately been talked of by *Barlow* to instruct his daughter in reading and writing. This was immediately put in execution, after many tears shed by *Fanny* and *Tommy* at their separation. The honest *Scotsman* received him with great readiness and good-nature, saying, at first sight, he was a lovely boy : And here we must leave him for the present, to see how his absence worked upon his patron, and what steps were taken to soften his severity.

The first thing he enquired after in the morning was *Tom*, which gave occasion to *Mrs Barlow* to remonstrate against his unreasonable severity and antipathy towards the poor child, who had never offended him ; and to beseech, in the most winning manner, that he would consider his misfortune, and the misfortune of his parents, and be

rather a father to him than a tyrant. Little *Fanny*, who was present, and lent an attentive ear to every word, enforced what her mother said, by falling upon her knees, and praying her father to let him live with her, for indeed she loved him better than herself. This action, so enchantingly pretty in the lovely maid, had, for some moments an effect upon his mind, and he furlily replied, that he might play with her; but she must look upon him as her servant more than her companion, and promised he would neither threaten nor beat him, if they did not spoil him; upon which promise, whilst he rid out to view his grounds, *Tommy* was sent for home by *Molly Beedle*, who found *Ferguson* very loth to part with him, he had gained already such an hold in his affection. Mrs *Barlow* taught the little cunning folks how they should behave to each other; and they obeyed her lessons so well, that whenever the husband appeared, Miss shewed a haughty distance, and *Tom* a lowly reverence and respect; but never were happier than when he was out of their way, and they could indulge their innocent familiarities with each other. Three years passed on thus, without any sinister accident to this young adventurer; in which time the good Mrs *Barlow* had learnt her daughter, and, by stealth, poor *Tom* to read, very prettily.

The vanity of the planter had imposed a livery upon him, and, as well as his young mistress, he daily improved in wit and beauty, and was the admiration of all that saw him; and so tenderly fond he grew of *Fanny* and her mamma, as to change countenance upon the least complaint they either of them made; nay, so respectfully humble was he to *Barlow* himself, that he frequently, surreptitiously, bestowed the epithet of good boy upon him, which was equal to any commendatory phrase he ever used to his daughter herself. Mrs *Barlow* had forbidden every body to mention to him, for it had been whispered about, the story of *Williamson's* treachery, fearing it might make too deep an impression upon the softness of his temper; and as she was a woman of the best descent in *Maryland*, and had been well educated; she also had a pretty female collection of the politest authors, in whom *Fanny* and *Tom* amused themselves so much, that their ideas of men and things began to open surprisingly; and after having exhausted all this stock of knowledge, they thirsted for more, which a very fortunate accident soon supplied them with. Mr *Gordon*, a Scots clergyman, and missionary for some years at a neighbouring town, happening to pay Mr *Barlow* a visit; and being mighty fond of children, having none of his own, took a prodigious liking to Miss

and her pretty attendant, who had now both reached their ninth year. One evening Mrs *Barlow* was lamenting her misfortune in not having a better collection of books, and telling her assistant that her children, as she called them, had exhausted her stock : upon this he answered, that he had brought a tolerable library into the country, and had since much enlarged it by orders from *England*, and promised to let them have one by one his whole riches, as their encreasing years fitted them for their perusal ; and, knowing *Barlow's* temper, told her he wished they were to be sent to *Ferguson*, for instruction, by whose means they might be qualified in such sciences as were more immediately necessary to the offices of life, and through whose hands they might receive the promised treasure, without suspicion. In short, he proposed the matter to Mr *Barlow*, at supper, who readily agreed his daughter should go every day, to learn to write and cast accounts, the only qualifications he had any notion of the necessity of ; but not a word of poor *Tom*, of whose being able to read he was still ignorant. This, however, was sufficient ; and, as *Tom* was to accompany his young mistress, by the liberality of Mrs *Barlow*, he could not fail of reaping the same advantages. In a few days then, they began their visits to Mr

*Ferguson's*, twice a day, and very frequently staid there a whole week together, which was rendered still the more pleasing to them, as *Tom's* old friend *Molly Beedle* had near twelve months before been married to their master at the expiration of her time ; so that here they experienced all the tenderness of a father and mother, and all the freedom their innocent affection made desirable. Mrs *Barlow* was over and above liberal to the good folks, not only paying extraordinarily for the instructions given to her adopted son, and for their casual board, but also sending daily presents for the care and pleasure they seemed to take of their charge. *Ferguson* and his spouse grew tenderly fond of them, and they returned it by the like affection, and when they staid away for ever so short a time, even shed tears of joy at their arrival. *Barlow* himself never troubled his head about them, contenting himself with the report of his wife, as to his daughter's proficiency ; for he had little notion of the necessity of knowledge himself, as he could but just write his name mechanically, and consequently was somewhat excusable in thinking any instruction for *Tom* of no manner of service. Mr *Gordon* frequently remembered his promise, and by this means *Tom* and his mistress became conversant with, by degrees, and could talk upon most topics

with ease and grace; nor did the good clergyman forget to instill into their minds the principles of religion and morality, which took so deep root, as no after misfortune of their lives could ever tempt them to violate. Thus, four years winged their round; in which time, under the notion of only learning to write and cast accounts, *Fanny* became the most accomplished maid in *Maryland*; and poor *Tom*, who was supposed by *Barlow* still to be as ignorant as himself, became a proficient in the *Latin* and *French*, in all the useful branches of the *mathematics*, spoke and wrote correctly and elegantly, and acquired such additions to his native dignity of soul and sentiment, that *Mrs Barlow*, and even *Mr Ferguson* and *Mr Gordon* stood amazed at him. He had indeed nothing to complain of but the frowns of his master, the concealment he was obliged to make of his perfections, and the degrading dress he wore; in which, however, he appeared as handsome as a *Ganymede*, and said frequently, he thought it the most honourable livery in the world, as it betokened his servitude to his lovely *Fanny*, whose livery he hoped to wear to the end of his life. *Fanny* grew so lovely and so charming, that her fame reached far and near, and the sons of many wealthy planters began to speak of her as the most desirable match in the colony. One

day the amiable mistress and her servant, sitting, after supper, with the people to whom *Tom* owed so much, he surprized them with the following address: Dear Sir, to whom I have so many obligations, I have often been ruminating within myself, what could oblige persons of so much merit, to forsake their native skies, to partake of the toils of servitude in this country; which, though now happily overpast, yet you are far from being in the station of life for which providence seemed to intend you. I love you both, to such a degree as seldom children love their parents, and long to know, and so does this excellent mistress of mine, through what disasters you came to *Maryland*, where good sense, learning, and politeness seem not to be in so much request as I understand they are in *Europe*; but what do I ask? perhaps I am going to call up a number of griefs, that may give you pain to remember, without, alas! the most distant prospect of being of the least future service to you; however, dear Mr and Mrs *Ferguson*, here is this charming young lady will, no doubt, one day or other, have it in her power to recompence your worth, and perhaps may remember how much she owes you on account of her servant; and, haply, for I have too much awe before my dear mother to make her such a request, you may be able

to inform me how I came to be so nobly and tenderly used by her, to have, through her cares, the stores of wisdom opened to me, and to be treated by her and her lovely daughter with such affection, whilst my master treats me with superior disdain and contempt: for my part, I remember no more of myself before I came to *Maryland*, than that I made a long voyage, in which I was barbarously used by a man, whose looks I shall never forget, and whom I believed to be my father; but who, from the treatment I see other children meet with from their parents, I now imagine to have been my worst enemy. I am sensible I am now in the condition of a slave; but how can that be, for I could never dispose of myself, and you have told me, no man is lord of another's liberty; that we are all naturally born free, and, as *Englishmen*, have an excellent constitution that protects every individual in his freedom. These are matters my young lady and I have been often dwelling upon, and have both agreed that only you can set us right. To her I am proud to be a slave and an attendant; but I have a conscious dignity of principle, that tells me I have an equal right to all the blessings of providence with my neighbours, and, except the offspring of love and gratitude, which I owe only to five persons living, that



I know of, am neither naturally nor legally obliged to serve any man on earth, unless he can prove that I voluntarily made myself his property, by contract or indenture. Never was surprize and astonishment equal to *Ferguson* and his wife's, at the conclusion of this sensible speech, the matter of which these two young folks had been debating between themselves some days before, and had agreed to recur to them for explication. *Fanny* enforced the request with her entreaties, and, in short, they were quite at a loss what to do; however, to give time for recollection, as to the latter and more important affair, Mr *Ferguson* began to break silence, in this manner, with the tears standing in his eyes. My amiable pupils, I can deny you nothing, and though the relation of the incidents of my life will recall many melancholy ideas to my mind, yet you shall be gratified in the rehearsal of them; and without stop continued, I was born at *Air* in *Scotland*, where my father was minister, from whom, and an endearing mother, myself and a brother received all the instruction that our years required; for, before I had reached my ninth, or he his seventh year, providence thought fit to deprive us of them by death. An uncle took us under his roof, who behaved with great affection to us, and, having no children of

his own, determined to make us equal sharers of his fortune, which was near two thousand pounds sterling, acquired in trade; which now in the decline of life, he had quitted for retirement and rural enjoyments. When I became of a proper age, I was sent to the university of *Glasgow*, whilst my brother was put 'prentice to a master of a vessel trading to *Virginia*, the sea being the element he chose to seek his fortune upon. I went through my studies with approbation, became a graduate, and, at the usual time, quitted the university, to return to my uncle's, who proposed to me the practice of *physic*, for which indeed I was well qualified, having directed my researches more into that science than any other. In short, I became a successful practitioner, but soon experienced it was all I had to trust to, for my uncle becoming, though near seventy, enamoured of a young woman in our neighbourhood, of more policy than honesty, he was forced, as the first step to so unnatural an union, to jointer her in the whole of his fortune. I remonstrated against this instance of dotage so warmly, that he was never reconciled to me afterwards, and as to my new aunt, she pursued me with an inveteracy that proved in the end my ruin. Thus I experienced, that to oppose the favourite passions or opinions, even of a man of sense

and virtue, in other things, is the most impolitic step a young man can take, at his first entrance into the world. I felt the loss of my uncle's table very much; for the fees of a physician being but small in that part of the kingdom, I could scarce support myself without his usual assistance; and, as an addition to my chagrin, I soon after received the melancholy news that my brother was drowned in his sixth voyage, homeward, being then first mate of the vessel, and in such credit with the owners, as made it believed he would have the command of a ship the next trip. A year, however, I weathered my situation; but at the end of that time, my uncle dying, his rapacious widow sued me for a debt of two hundred pounds, which she found my bond for in her husband's escrutore, and which he had, at the time; taken such security for, only, as he said, to make me diligent in my business, and respectful to him. In litigating this affair, I disturbed my head, neglected my practice, and made away with all I had; and, at last, to avoid a goal, was obliged to fly to *London*, where, notwithstanding my knowledge and my profession, and a recommendatory letter or two, I was forced to subsist, as long as I could, by the meanest applications, and at length my sordid appearance exposed me to all the distresses and

miseries of want and poverty. I grew desperate—at home my landlady allowed me no repose, and two or three other creditors joined in her perpetual clamour. You'll think it strange, that in a city, such as you have heard *London* is, a man of any talents could be so reduced; but let me tell you, if a man cannot make a respectable appearance, or is not bred to some servile employment, he may rot, starve and die, as well there as in the most wild parts of *America*. Few are the humane and the charitable, and those subject to so many impositions, as to be rendered very slow and cautious, and, as to the generality, they are employed in raising their own families and friends, and can spare little time, from the bustle and hurry of their affairs, to think of the *mercies* so strongly said by our blessed Saviour, to be due to our fellow creatures in affliction, and which, indeed, he has made one condition of their enjoyment of future happiness. I had now neither money, friends, food, scarcely raiment, and not a moment's peace; but indeed the want of the first included all the rest.—A ship was put up at the exchange for *Maryland*, in which servants of any profession were invited to a passage, upon indenting themselves to the captain or agent for five years. I happened to see the bill in one of my hungry melancholy

walks—in short, I obeyed the direction, and as I understood both physic and surgery, was soon engaged as a very necessary man, both in the passage and in the country; had a sum advanced me, which sufficed to pay all my little debts, which my principles directed me to do, rather than to indulge myself in any superfluity; and, in short, I embarked, sailed with the first fair wind, and arrived in this part of the colony, whither the ship was bound; and there, by way of bargain and sale, fell into Mr *Barlow's* hands. Excuse me, dear Miss, his behaviour was so rough and boisterous, that, for some time, I endured all the miseries of subjection; but after he found me useful in curing the diseases that had for some time infected his *Negroes*, he began to use me in a milder sort, and the perpetual goodness of your dear mamma I shall never forget, nor be ever able to repay. By the time my obligation expired, I had so much his good graces, that he put me into a small plantation, which my industry, in raising tobacco, and my exercise of the two professions of physic and surgery, and now and then turning tutor to the neighbouring children, has enabled me to call my own, and to improve; and, since I am happy in the wife I have chosen, here I shall set up my rest, and never more think of returning to

my native country ; but endeavour to do all the kind offices within my sphere of action, and make my future peace with a *Being* that none of us lives a moment without offending. The adventures of my spouse, in which you also interest yourselves, may be related in fewer words, as I have had them from herself. Her father was a tradesman at *Bristol* ; and, though a good sort of man, failed in the world, and made his exit in the prison there, through the merciless principles of revenge, of a few creditors, who yet were church goers, and every day repeated, *Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors*. Her unhappy mother broke her hears at the sad catastrophe of her husband, and poor *Molly* was left to the care of their parish ; though she had some relations that could well have provided for her, had they had either christianity or humanity. In the hopeful seminary, a parish work-house, of which you can neither of you have any idea ; but in short, upon which, the money collected in each parish, would produce happiness and frugal plenty to the miserable, if the guttling of officers and committeemen, the embezzlement of collectors, and the extortion of the keepers, did not make misery more wretched : I say in this hopeful place, she passed the first years of her life, in which nothing but a

good natural understanding, and some innate principles of virtue, could have protected her from vice and debauchery. She was afterwards bound out an apprentice, to household drudgery, to a devotee in the same city, who daily humbled herself at church, and returned from thence to ill-use and plague her family. Her treatment, by this piece of sanctity, was so hard and rigorous, that she could bear it no longer, and took the same course to be relieved from it, that I did to escape starving. She arrived safely here, was also bound to Mr *Barlow*, and being solely under the direction of your good mother, withered her term with much less oppression than servants ever feel in this colony. I shall make it the study of my life to recompence all her former sufferings, and at this time—tenderly as I love her—cannot help shedding tears of anguish, over an innocent creature, who was born in distress—nursed in poverty—educated in slavery—and all without any crime of her own; but merely from the misfortunes of her parents—but all these things prove a future state—where matters will be made even—*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.* Had it not been for that sweet, supporting hope, the extremity of despair, in which I have often been involv-

ed, would have tempted me to lay violent hands upon myself; for,

*—Who would bear the whips and scorns of times,*

*Tb' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,*

*The insolence of office, and the spurns*

*That patient merit of the unworthy takes?*

*When as himself might his quietus make,*

*With a bare bodkin. Who would fardels bear,*

*To sweat and groan under a weary life;*

*But, that the dread (as well as hope) of something after death,*

*—Puzzles the will;*

*And makes us rather bear those ills we have,*

*Than fly to others (or, forfeit that good) that we know not of.*

And thus, my dear Tommy, you have had our disastrous story; but if I can at all read the destiny of persons, from their ways of acting and thinking, for all others are pretending and fallacious, for your, are reserved, by heaven, happier and smoother hours, and uninterrupted content: it is true, you have been hitherto unhappy in the want of knowing your parents; but except that, and the sourness of Mr Barlow, which is his natural disposition, you have met in his wife



and daughter, all that can make you amends for these misfortunes, and in me and Mrs *Ferguson* and Mr *Gordon*, friends that love and esteem your opening worth. As to the story of your being brought to *Maryland*, your good mother has ever enjoined secrecy to us both, no doubt for just reasons, and to her we must therefore refer you for it: mean time, I shall not disguise my sentiments; but tell you, that I think you were born free, and are free; but that, in respect to your worthy mother and sister, here, you ought not yet to assert that freedom, as it would produce much disturbance in their family. Here he ceased, and from the tender, sympathizing hearts of his young auditors, redoubled sighs proceeded, and tears trickled from their mournful eyes. In this attitude, Mrs *Barlow*, who had taken a ride over on purpose to see her friends, as she stiled them, and her little folks, found them at her entrance, and was quite struck at the sight; but Mr *Ferguson* soon relieved her astonishment, by telling her his pupils had made him relate the disastrous fortune of himself and his wife, their sensibility of which had cast them into such disorder. I'm glad of it, cried the excellent woman; shedding tears for others woes, betokens a goodness and nobleness of nature, that I hope my children will never be deficient in. At the

instant she had uttered these words, *Fanny* and *Tom* both flung themselves on their knees before her, and the latter said, Dear, dear mamma, whom I love better than all the world—and I'm sure I have reason to do so—pray let my sister and me know how I first came to your house—how I came to be your slave—who, and what I am?—To be sure I am, and ever shall be, your slave, by inclination, and my sister's slave—but oh! tell me, madam, why my master does not like me, and why I wear this coat, so different from other children—Indeed, I'll never tell my master—but behave dutifully to him as long as I live. Do, mamma, *Fanny* added, do tell us, and let me know if *Tommy* is my relation or my brother, as I have been indulged to call him? Mrs *Barlow*, though quite disconcerted at all these close questions, raised them from their suppliant posture with abundance of goodness; and, after some pause, occasioned by her dread lest her husband should ever come to the knowledge of these circumstances, and her fear of confiding a secret of such a nature to so young persons, at last resolved to betray it to them, and leave the issue to providence. She then informed them how *Tom* came first into Mr *Barlow*'s possession, the declaration of the villain *Williamson*, who had never been at *Senepuxon* since, and so amazed and

thunderstruck the poor sensible boy and her daughter, with the narration, that it was a long time before they came to themselves : during this silence of amazement, she had leisure to say, As to my husband's antipathy to you, *Tommy*, it is much harder to account for upon rational principles, or indeed upon any principles at all—you are innocent—you never offended him or any one else—Alas ! I fear his aversion springs from want of humanity, and from pride, which cannot brook an intimate connection with the poor and unfortunate. On this account you must, in return for my tender affection—for all that I have done for you, go on to behave as you have hitherto; and I'll still take care to make you amends privately, for your public mortifications, and with regard to your dress, consider, that virtue and good sense cannot be disgraced by any apparel; and, on the contrary, that vice and wickedness receive no lustre from outward ornaments. Perhaps some accident may render my husband more tractable, and more a friend to your merits; and it is our duty to wait the happy moment, without murmuring: as to my part, I must say sincerely, that I felt a tenderness for you the first moment I set my eyes on you; you have approved yourself worthy of it, and I now know little difference in my heart between

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you and your sister. She concluded her speech with an hundred embraces, dried up their tears, and *Tom* promised that he would in nothing depart from his usual behaviour; but ah! mamma, cried the sensible lad—what pain it gives me, and ever will, to think of the grief and trouble my unknown parents must undergo at the loss of me—sure it must break their hearts—mine is almost broken at the reflection—but sure I shall live to punish that execrable villain for his baseness—then recollecting himself, and turning to his *Fanny* and her mamma—but yet I cannot, on my own account, be angry with him, since he was, though a bad one, the instrument that made me known to you, and without that knowledge, I had far rather not existed. Mrs *Barlow* cast a kind glance at these words, and squeezed his hand, with a tender pressure; and *Fanny* replied, with a fervency that touched all present—and upon my word and faith, my dear *Tommy*, I would rather die than ever be forced to lose you! Soon after the discourse dropped; but left strange impressions upon the three grown persons, particularly Mrs *Barlow*, who, perceiving *Fanny* and her servant each engaged with a book, winked to *Ferguson* and his wife to take a turn in the garden, where she unbosomed herself in the following manner. God knows, my

friends, what I have been doing all this while, I have nursed up an affection between these young people, that I apprehend will soon lose its innocence in love; they are arriving to an age when that passion generally predominates, and seem to like nobody but each other; with regard to myself, I should like my *Tom* for a son-in-law, better than any one, and think he deserves my daughter; but Mr *Barlow*, haughty in his riches, would commit murder if such a thing were but hinted at; nay, I know he has thoughts of matching her with Col. *Carter's* only son, who you know will be the richest man in the province, though a lad of bad principles, unlettered, and of coarse manners; and I know too much the misery she must endure in such a match, by my own experience. I was going to ask your advice—but I see you are at a loss what to say in the matter, as much as I am: in short, this shall be my resolve, to leave the issue to providence—if heaven approves and directs their union, no human power can dissolve it; and therefore, in God's name, let it operate as it will. Perhaps you'll say that I am very superstitious; but truly, I know of no other way to make myself easy, and perhaps my desire to be so, encreases my trust in heaven on this occasion. Perhaps poor nameless *Tommy*, had he not been rob-

ed of his parents, was of a rank to have claimed a far better match in his own country. *Ferguson* and his wife, who had a real affection for *Tom*, were quite frightened at the beginning of her speech; but did not fail to applaud the conclusion, and say an hundred things to strengthen her in her resolution. . They returned to the apartment they had left, with great good humour, and found *Tom* explaining a passage in *Locke* to his mistress, with her arm gently reclined upon his shoulder; nor did their innocence tempt them to alter their posture at their entrance. That night they all lay at *Ferguson's*, and determined to spend a day or two after at *Mr Gordon's*, which they had the liberty to do, as *Mr Barlow* was gone over to the western shore of *Virginia*, from whence his business would not permit him to return for near a month, so that these were like to be halcyon days with the good folks at *Senepuxon*. They were received by *Mr Gordon* with transport, as persons he most desired to see in the colony; and, after staying there three or four days, *Mrs Barlow* made him go over to her house with her, and called upon *Mr Ferguson* and his wife to oblige them to the same visit, and, as the season of the year gave them leisure, insisted they should keep her company till her husband's return.

*Tom* never had enjoyed so felicitous a time as the present, he saw none but those he loved, and that loved him—he was perpetually with his *Fanny*, and mingling in the sweets of improving conversation; but a period was put to it, by the arrival of *Barlow*, who had such extraordinary success in the business he went about, that he returned with more good humour than ever he was known to put on, and thanked Mrs *Barlow*'s guests for accompanying her, kissed *Fanny*, and asked for *Tom*, who had skulked into the kitchen at his approach. *Tom*, hearing him call, came in with a modest reverence. Well boy, says his master, How art? see here, Mr *Gordon*, this grows a proper lad, doesn't he?—I shall make a man of him, I fancy, by and by; but I think I should give him a little learning too. *Tom* seeing his boots undone, went readily, and fetched the jack to pull them off. No, no, d—n it—I believe thy hands were made for somewhat better; but mum for that,—call one of the negroes—here—*Pempey*!—*Cesar*!—*Squelch*!—bid some of 'em come here. *Tom* overjoyed at this unusual goodness, soon found a proper person to do the office. Mrs *Barlow* and the rest stared at each other with astonishment; but in short it continued the whole evening, and he went to bed with a complacency of temper, par-

ticularly towards *Tom*, that they had ever been strangers to before. It was not much otherwise the next day, nay it continued till something occurred that ruffled his temper, and then he became again the brute, to all about him. In the old situation then, matters went for near three years more, when *Fanny*, according to the custom of the country, was arrived to a marriageable age, and was really a perfect beauty, nor was there ever seen a handsomer youth than *Tom*, and so alike were they, that even the brute *Barlow* mentioned it sometimes with wonder. *Fanny* had had a master from *Annapolis*, to learn her to dance; and *Tom*, by the indulgence of Mrs *Barlow*, obtained the same accomplishment in the usual way, by stealth; and having a great genius for music, Mr *Gordon*, who was excellent in that science, had given him such instructions, that he played upon the violin and German flute to admiration, and the worthy clergyman had made him a present of the latter instrument, and several compositions of the best masters, with which he often entertained his mother and *Fanny*, and beguiled the tedious hours with softest melody. The kindness of his behaviour to the servants, his humanity and consideration of the *Negroes*, and their families, gained him all their loves; and, in short, he and his *Fanny* were become blef-



sings not only to their own, but all the surrounding plantations. As no body loved *Barlow*, but every body feared him, he was still quite ignorant of *Tom's* improvements and importance; and though all that approached the house were used to see him treated as a son, in his absence, yet Mrs *Barlow*, and her daughter, as well as he, were so much esteemed, and did so much good to all about them, that no body had the temptation either of ill-nature, envy, or malice, hitherto, to betray their secret. But this calm was not to last long, and a storm succeeded, that involved them all in the greatest distress. Mr *Barlow* came home one evening, and, with his usual peremptoriness, told his wife and his daughter, that the next day he had appointed young Mr *Carter* to pay a visit to *Fanny*; and that the Colonel, his father, and he, had agreed upon a match between them. They were thunder-struck with this intelligence, and Mrs *Barlow* recovering herself replied—agreed upon a match, Sir, before you know whether your daughter likes him or no?—Is that dealing like a father, in an affair whereon all her future weal or woe depends?—Hold your nonsensical prating—Isn't he the richest heir in *Maryland*?—is not *Frank* the best fortune hereabouts?—Aren't they of the same age? and am not I her father,

and can do with her as I please?—A fine thing truly! that a puling modest girl must by consulted, if she likes a man or no—no, no, child—marry first, and he'll put love into her afterwards, I warrant him. In such a strain the brute ran on, and upon his wife's reasoning with him further, flung out of the room, with curses and oaths, that he would be obeyed, without reply in what concerned his own property. *Tom* soon after entered the apartment, and beheld a scene he had never been witness to before, at which he was struck quite speechless; but *Fanny* soon let him know the dreadful sentence, as soon as she could command her voice, which was interrupted by the interjection of sobs and tears. Had lightning transfixed him—had instant death presented itself before his eyes, he could not have expressed more dismay or grief; he sunk down upon the seat of the window, and was at once deprived of sense and motion. It was well for all three, that *Barlow* was out of hearing; for the minute he left the room, he walked down to the *Negro* quarter near his house, and so was half a mile distant by this time. *Mrs Barlow* and her daughter gave a great cry, and running to him, the former chafed his temples, whilst the other held a bottle of drops to his nose; by the aid of which he soon came to himself, and

remembering the danger of his situation, and seeing the fright he had occasioned, to persons he loved so dearly, he, with all the strength he had remaining, humbly begged pardon for his involuntary offence, adding, but oh ! to part with my dear sister !—to a brute that can never know her worth, is death, is worse than death ! I shall not long survive it ! Poor Mrs *Barlow*, quite distracted at the condition of her children, did nothing but exhort to patience and consideration ; but she might have talked in vain to either, had she not at length made use of these reviving expressions—come, perhaps means may yet be found to break off this dreaded match, which I own I never approved. These words had so sudden an effect, that they both fell on their knees, blessed her for her encouraging expressions, and became somewhat calm ; and it was happy they did ; for not a quarter of an hour after, the tyrant returned, but said no more that night, contenting himself with casting such looks at his wife and daughter, as made them tremble. This was the first instant that *Tom* felt he really loved, nor was his love without return ; and if he passed the sleepless night under the utmost anguish, his *Fanny* had little more repose. They recalled each other's tenderness to remembrance, the perfections, the every grace

they were possessed of, and could not bear even the most distant idea of eternal separation without despair: but, in his situation what could he oppose to the will of a father?—how could he even dare to hope any thing in his own favour?—a foundling—a wanderer—a wretch—a purchased slave! Ah miserable that I am, he cry'd—no body owns me—I am an alien and a stranger every where; and, except from the excellent mistress of this house, her lovely daughter, and two or three more good people, never could boast the least protection or care—nay, all the learning and knowledge I have acquired—is it not the source of pity—of charity—to an exposed and deserted orphan! To me—*relations dear, and all the charities, of father, son, and brother*, have been, alas! unknown—but I will meet my fate like a man—and though, till this moment, such audacious thoughts never entered this breast—yet will I owe to this delightful fair—this charmer of my soul—that I love her—that I shall die—and die for her!—yes, to-morrow's dawn shall see me at her feet—there to vent my passion and my despair!—In this manner he raved, till the early cock proclaimed the day with his shrill note, when he awoke, but had hardly strength enough to dress himself, his body had been so weakened by the tumultuous perturbations of his

mind. As to poor *Fanny*, the return of light found her in a high fever, with very dangerous symptoms, which filled her mother with severe apprehensions, insomuch that she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged him, if he would not be the murderer of his only child, not to precipitate the marriage, and to postpone the visit for some days, till she could be prepared, by her arguments, to yield to his will. Well, well, he replied, surlily, he shan't come to day—I'm going over to the Colonel's, and will stop the visit—but, by G-d! will she, or will she—a very little time shall terminate the business; and therefore I command you to discharge your duty, by endeavouring to bring her to compliance. D--n it, a fine thing truly—the minute a girl is talked to about dying with a lusty young fellow, she must fall ill upon it—well, well, he'll cure her I warrant him. Much more such stuff proceeded from his ungenerous mouth; and after breakfast, he took horse, and gallop'd away, without bidding his daughter adieu. Mrs *Barlow* went to *Fanny* with the reprieve she had obtained; but however, she was too weak to quit her chamber all that day, and when poor *Tom* first entered it, he looked like a walking ghost, he was so altered. Tears were shed on both sides, and Mrs *Barlow* joined

them with her's ; but told them their extreme sensibility of parting with each other, would render every prudential method she could make use of, in their favour, abortive ; conjured them to give truce to their griefs, to endeavour not to be cast down, and said, that she believed the young oaf, who was proposed for her husband, knew nothing yet of the matter, and was so insensible a clod, that he would not pursue the matter with any vigour, it being merely a scheme of the two fathers ; and that therefore they had the greatest reason imaginable to be easy ; that she had put off the visit for that day, and doubted not of doing it for a longer time ; and that it was proper to dissemble their chagrin the more effectually to counteract the design. By these, and other arguments, which, however, she knew had little foundation, she so far consoled them, that a sudden alteration ensued, *Tom* put on again his chearful looks, Miss made shift to get up, and they spent the remainder of the day in her apartment. At dinner, the next day, for *Barlow* was not yet returned, they came down into the dinning-room, and after that was over, *Tom*, whose mind was bent upon a disclosure of his passion, desired leave to take a walk with *Fanny*, into the neighbouring pine grove, to which Mrs *Barlow* assenting, they departed, hand in hand, all

the way fondly gazing on each other. After he had led her to the most retired part of the grove, where a seat was erected for the convenience of sitting in a summer's evening, they sat down, and, for some time, looked wishfully at each other, without being able to speak: at length *Tom* flung himself on his knees before her, and clasping her hand in his, whilst the tears trickled down his cheeks, said, Oh! my dear *Fanny*! my adorable sister! pardon my presumption, which the immediate danger of losing you, for ever, has occasioned. Innocently, hitherto, we have loved each other; but ah! I now feel all that the fondest passion can create within this wretched bosom! Forgive a wretch, a forlorn slave, for telling you this—but, before these eyes are closed for ever, as shortly they must be—if you are torn from me—I must let you know all the power of your charms. With humble reverence, I love you as the supreme arbitress of my destiny—to make you happy—to form your bliss, would be ever my end and aim—no sordid view of mine, has the least mixture with my hopes—were you married to a man you loved—that knew your value, and would consult your felicity—I had only inly mourned—nor dared this declaration—but, to see you sacrificed to a wretch, who has barely the image of a man—but whose

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mind is all low and mean—and so far from being fitted for the refined enjoyments of love and friendship, that he is not even an eligible acquaintance—to see this, to behold all those various beauties, those resplendent graces, in the possession of a wretch, who shall embrace them in common with the loathsome slaves he is master of—is horror and distraction!—And yet, what can I propose—all friendless and destitute as I am—by desiring you to crown my faithful love, with the return of your's—nothing but mutual misery; but ah! lovely charmer of my heart, tell me if you count me worthy of your affection?—if you do, I shall die in peace—for death too sure will terminate my unfortunate, but brief date of life. Every word that this excellent youth uttered, struck the amiable *Fanny* to the heart—they had lived together from their infancy—she had never seen a more accomplished man—or one she could so much esteem—he spoke the language of artless passion; and she, in melodious accents, made him this reply—for neither had learned, in these happy retreats of innocence, to dissemble their loves or their aversions. Why, my *Tommy*, why do you make the least doubt of my affection?—though, till this crisis, I never knew how much, or in what manner I loved you—it seeming, 'till now, only the innocent and



simple fondness of a sister to a brother—yet, the thoughts of losing you for ever, have stirred up a thousand nameless longings and desires in my bosom, that I was unacquainted had harboured there. You had no need to describe the worthlessness of the object that is designed for me; for were he one of the most accomplished youths breathing—he could never eclipse your merit. I shall never be able to love but you, and if I am forced from you, death will soon release me from my misery. Tell me not of your condition—of your want of fortune—of your want of friends—you have all the virtue, and all the goodness that I desire—and ah! were it in my power, you should soon find every friend in my breast, and all the goods of life in my disposal. Wretched am I, that this cruel father cannot see with my eyes—but must barter me for sordid expectations of worldly riches, without considering that nothing can ease or cure an uneasy mind; why was he not formed like our excellent mother—ready to promote his childrens happiness, and not, from ignorance and caprice, to plunge them into inexpressible woe? Oh *Tommy*, and here she held out her charming hand to raise him, and laid her cheek to his—believe, I'll be constant to death, and if my hand is forced, I will never live to surrender my person, which I

vow before God is your's, and never shall be any other's.

The raptured youth at this instant forgot all his griefs, he pressed the sweet creature, blushing like the opening rose, in his arms, and they exchanged the chastest and purest embraces that ever lovers witnessed. Arm in arm they were returning towards the house, *Fanny's* was circled round *Tom's* neck, and *Tom's* enclosed the delicate slender waist of *Fanny*.

When mortals seem arrived to the height of human felicity, when, as in these lovers, all the powers of the heart are easy and at rest, some malign influence often conspires to plunge them into unutterable woe. Indeed we should be too happy, too gaily thoughtless of a better state, if we could for any length of time ascertain a continuance of mortal felicity. As ill fortune would have it, *Barlow*, the tyrant *Barlow*, was returning home that way, and they were so engaged in fond vows and protestations of constancy, that he had leisure to ride close behind them for some moments, without being in the least perceived, and overheard every word they said. Contrary to his usual impetuous custom, he stifled his rage for some moments, though all the devil was

uppermost in his heart; but hearing at length the innocent *Fanny* say, Oh *Tommy*, how happy should I be if my father would consent to an union between us, I should not envy — his patience was quite exhausted; and just as his daughter, hearing a rustling of the leaves under his horse's feet, turned her head, and saw his dreadful form, at which she gave a piercing shriek, and fell down senseless before him; he clubbed his whip, and aimed so sure a blow at *Tom's* head, that he fell prostrate by his mistress, weltering in his blood. Here was a sight that one would have imagined might have given pause even to a diabolical fury; but the wretch not yet satisfied, nor regarding the condition of his daughter, bestriding the poor youth, repeated his blows, on his back, breast and sides, till weariness obliged him to give truce to his fury.

Oh! thou heavenly, thou amiable guest, by what name shall I call thee? Thou, who inspirest us with patience, forbearance, loving-kindness and tenderness, towards one another? *Humanity*, and *compassion*, are epithets that bespeak not enough thy worth, or importance! Of celestial original art thou, of immortal lineage—known by the endearing titles of RELIGION, of CHRISTIANITY. You it is that have refined and ennobled our na-

ture, that have corrected our brutal party, that have taught us *to do as we would be done by*, and cleared away those seeds of wicked implacability, that natively dwell about us ! Behold the various savage nations that have yet not known thy inspiring influence ! What shocking barbarity attend their wars, what cruel inhumanity even their civil institutions ! Let us here pronounce, that the man who is not conscious of you, is unfit, altogether unfit for, and destructive to human society.

When he had a little recovered himself, he mounted his horse, and took up his daughter, still insensible, before him, by mere strength of arm, and galloped homewards, cursing and swearing, and still breathing out threats of further vengeance upon poor *Tom*. Well it was for *Fanny*, that she did not see him in that condition ; that sight, without further violence, would have been sufficient to have winged her soul to a kinder, better parent. When he arrived home, his entrance was proclaimed by repeated execrations, and poor *Mrs Barlow* running to see what was the matter, was one of the first that perceived his inflamed countenance, and her daughter before him, by the jolting of the horse now just capable to open her dying eyes. She immediately guessed the

rest, and; but for Mr *Gordon*, who happened providentially to be just come in, had fallen upon the floor, with grief, terror, and apprehension. The good clergyman having seated her, and advancing, before any of the servants, who seeing the condition of their master, stood aloof full of dread, and fearing to approach him, received the young lady in his arms, and said, for God's sake, Sir, what has so discomposed you?—have you met with any insult?—has any body assaulted you? He vouchsafed no answer to this, but bolting into the parlour, where by this time Mrs *Barlow* had found strength to crawl, flung himself into a chair, and related his adventure, in the following manner, by way of soliloquy: G-d d--n my blood——what a d---d thick-scall'd rascal am I—not to have imagined the girl flesh and blood, and to let her be followed by a handsome fellow of such years?—Now, by G—d, the secret's out, this was the reason of her d---d tears, and her feigned sickness—but d--n me, I have silenced her paramour——I'm sure he'll never rise for one while——I'd rather be hang'd, by G-d, than see my daughter debauched by a scoundrel, of neither here nor there, that I have purchased with my money, and brought up to inveigle that hell-fir'd little b---h to her ruin. Then turning to his wife, you, ma-

dam, must have been acquainted with their intrigue, it could not otherwise have arrived to the height it has. Indeed Mrs *Barlow* had just strength enough to reply; I never knew any thing but what was innocent between the children, if you mean my daughter and *Tommy*; and I fear your mistaken jealousy has caused you to do a deed we may all repent of! D---n the deed, he replied, but was really frightened when he thought of the condition in which he had left *Tom*, I have drubb'd him, by G-d—there he lies, in the pine barren, and there he's likely to lie, for I'll be d---d if ever he gets up himself. God forbid, replied Mr *Gordon*, and immediately sallied out, followed by several of the weeping servants and negroes, who had overheard what their master said; but who can describe the condition of poor *Fanny*, at these words, she fell back into a swoon, attended with such strong convulsions, that her mother could not hold her, but was obliged to call for assistance, whilst she was in little better condition herself; and the cruel obdurate father, cried, D---n her, let her die—it's good enough for her—a disobedient b---h! Mean time Mr *Gordon* arrived at the spot, where poor *Tom* lay still quite insensible, and, to all appearance dead, a vast quantity of blood having run from his wounds; but applying his hand to his mouth,

and examining his pulse, he found there were still some remains of life in him. Upon this he ordered the servants to get some branches of the neighbouring trees, with which they made a kind of hand-barrow to convey him to the house, every one shedding tears as they bore him, and recounting to one another his good-nature and kind-heartedness, and cursing their master for this detestable action, the reason of which they were totally strangers to. At the house a new scene of confusion presented itself, upon the arrival of the corpse, for all but the good clergyman imagined him dead. Mrs *Barlow*, for Miss had been put to bed, raving distractedly upon the name of her dear *Tommy*, fainted away; and all the family wept aloud, and *Barlow* himself, now terribly apprehensive of the consequences, ordered Mr *Ferguson* to be sent for. Happy was it for the unfortunate youth that his kind tutor was then upon the way, and, soon after meeting the messenger, alighted, all full of sorrow, at the gate. The inhuman master had withdrawn himself privately, and *Tom* being undressed, and put to bed, his wounds were searched, which proved to be one large fracture on the hind part of the head, and near twenty contusions in various parts of his body. Every one was amazed at the inveteracy with which he must have

been struck, and Mr *Gordon* solemnly swore, that if he did otherwise than well, he would never leave the country, till he saw his murderer hanged. In some time, however, after proper preparations were used, he came so far to himself as just to open his eyes, for an instant, and close them again with a deep sigh, to the joy of all present. This a little revived poor Mrs *Barlow*, who flew to her dear daughter with the tidings of his being alive, (and a little further she went, in policy) likely to do well. This amiable creature soon shewed the effects of such glad tidings, by a return of the colour into her pallid cheeks, and a perfect restoration of her senses, so as to be able to tell her mamma how every thing had happened; at which she appeared inconsolable, as this unlucky accident had defeated every scheme she could possibly invent, to break off or procrastinate the threatened match. She was bled by way of precaution, her spirits being in such agitation as to threaten a violent fever, and Tom was left in a fine dose, Mr *Ferguson*, after dressing him, having assured every body that none of his hurts were mortal, though another blow upon the pit of the stomach, where he had received several, would have decided his fate. The two gentlemen, and the kind lady of the house, now met together, began to consult in what



manner to behave ; Mr *Gordon*, who was independent of Mr *Barlow*, was for immediately getting a warrant to secure him, and told his wife, that in such case she ought to publish what her husband had said as to *Williamson's* villainy, that the youth might be set free by due course of law, and no more be subject to such tyranny, nor go constantly in danger of his life. This was indeed a very nice point, it was somewhat like a wife's betraying the secrets of her husband, and perhaps it was making her own life eternally miserable ; besides, as *Barlow* was known to be a man who stuck at nothing, it was not doubted, in that case, but he would take some private opportunity to destroy him. Upon the whole then, it was judged most adviseable, that Mr *Gordon* should search him out, represent *Tom* as in imminent danger of his life ; by keeping up his fears, keep him from home till his recovery, and at the same time endeavour to purchase him of his master for the sum he had given for him ; which it was not doubted, his avaritious temper would jump at, as he was likely, if he recovered, to be a cripple all the days of his life ; and indeed there was such a danger, which, however he was to exaggerate with all the art he could. This was a very good and feasible scheme ; but was accidentally disappointed, for *Bar-*

*low* having taken shelter at Colonel *Carter's*, who was a man of just his own stamp, and not knowing of *Ferguson's* arrival, dispatched over the Colonel's surgeon to inspect the wounds, who arriving just at the close of their consultation, insisted upon viewing the patient; to deny his request would have looked oddly, and therefore they were forced to acquiesce, and the creature they had sent, though a skilful surgeon, being as great a brute as themselves, turned about with this sentence: Pish—here's no murder—nothing but a slight fracture and two or three contusions—his greatest malady is loss of blood; and, with these tidings, hastened back to his employers, by which he relieved *Barlow's* fears, and sent him home full as much a devil as he was when he fled away. In vain his spouse, Mr *Gordon*, and Mr *Ferguson* endeavoured to display to him the enormity of his crime—he swore he had provocation sufficient—that he would do as he pleased with his own daughter and his own slave; and that one should speedily marry to please him, and the other as soon as he was able, should be sent to one of his back plantations, and kept to drudgery the remainder of his life. The good clergyman, quite astonished at the devilish frame of his mind, took his leave with these expressions. Ungenerous, barbarous man!

some dreadful judgment will follow such brutal proceedings ! you are an accountable creature, as well as the lowest person in being, and there is a just God that will put a period to your crimes ! Of this you may too late be convinced—though you now make a jest of it. But remember another thing, and tremble—we have laws—and, thank God, righteous magistrates—I'll be a spy upon all your actions, and if that innocent boy suffers in life or limb, by your cruelty—hear me, Sir, your great riches shall not protect you from condign punishment, if I am forced to sell the gown from off my back.—I declare I'll never again enter the doors of such a miscreant, such a devil in human shape. So saying, without further ceremony, he bowed to Mrs *Barlow* and Mr *Ferguson*, and mounting his horse, rode away, leaving the wretch speechless, with mingled rage and terror, and the two others, charmed with his resolution ; but chagrined at the latter part of it, which was a kind of sentence of banishment from Mrs *Barlow* and the two lovers. *Fanny* at length recovered, and *Tom*, by the care of Mr *Ferguson*, likewise, got well without the least remain of his hurts, to the joy of every one. And now the tyrant, who had inly growled over his projects, and during all this while, had scarce ever afforded even his :

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wife a word or a good look, began to execute them, and first he introduced young *Garter* to his daughter, charging her to receive him, as her future husband; but she resolved upon a conduct that nothing could make her alter, after trying the force of reason to dissuade him from his attempt, in vain; for it was a creature that no reason could operate upon, she kept an obstinate silence, nor would afford him the least look or answer to any impertinence he uttered; minding her work or her book without being moved, either with his entreaties or his grimaces. As to *Tom*, who was destined to pay for all his mortifications, he forbid him ever to enter the room where she was, and kept so strict watch himself, that it was impossible for him to see the darling of his soul, nor did Mrs *Barlow* herself dare to parley with him; and, at last, urged thereto by the *Carters*, one morning rising before the rest of the family, they forcibly put him on an horse, and carried him round-about ways, through the woods, to a plantation at the back of the country, near forty miles distant, where, when they alighted, *Barlow* harrangued him in this manner. Now, dog, if you stir from this spot without my orders, I'll chop you into pound pieces, here are twenty negroes, beside women and children, whom I deliver to your

care as their overseer ; a post you do not, by the way, deserve to be exalted to. But, in consideration that I have once given you your deserts a little too severely, I am thus gracious to you ; and, mind what I say, I shall call every fortnight to see the improvements made, and what work is done, and every deficiency shall be had out of your hide with a good cow-skin ; mind me, by these hands, which you have already felt the weight of. That fellow, pointing to a white servant, will teach you your duty, and is to be subject to your directions, when you have learned your business. Tom was preparing a reply, but, with a laugh of derision from both, they rode away, Carter halloing out—I think we have him now,—the devil's in't if he has any stomach left for love. With a generous look of contempt he surveyed their parting steps—and turning to the white man, who, by the way, was principally left there as a spy, he asked him in the sweetest and most engaging manner, what his name was ? My name, Sir, he replied, is *Duncan Murray*. Well, Mr *Murray*, I hope we shall live happily together, and do our duty. He then examined all the little cottages upon the premises, chose one for himself, and in a few days apprehended what he had to do so well, as raised the admiration of his instructor. By his

sweet treatment of the *Negroes*, he gained their good-will, and shewed that kindness and clemency to those miserable creatures will make them more serviceable than cruelty and brutality ; for, in the first fortnight, he had more tobacco hoed and housed, and more work of every sort completed, than was ever seen upon that plantation before. In short, when *Barlow* rode over at the appointed time, he was amazed, and seeing *Murray* first, at his entrance into the grounds, and looking round him, said, What, have you had the devil here?—d--n me, you are all cleared in, I see. *Murray*, who was no bad man at the bottom, replied, Why, truly, Sir, if you have such an overseer at every plantation as you have here, you'll soon be richer than all the planters in *Maryland*, and yet all is done mildly, nor has a blow been struck since his arrival. Well done, by G-d, then I have brought him into his proper element, I see—Call him to me—*Tom* soon came with an open carriage, and at his order gave him a verbal account of all his transactions ; at the close of which he could not help saying, well, well—by G-d this is not amiss—go on as you've begun, and perhaps I may become your friend. Then, after visiting every place, he rode away on his return, By this mildness in his carriage, *Tom's* spirits were raised, for though

he dared not enquire; and could see nobody to tell him, he gathered thence that his dear mother and his *Fanny* were well: then again he feared she had been forced to marry, which thought racked his bosom with cruel violence, and drew floods of tears from his eyes. Often would he reap encouragement to his labour, by saying to himself, let me not think of this barbarian—let me only tell myself it is the father of my *Fanny*, and that all the pains I take is for the advancement of her fortune. Thus he would often console himself, and would retire to the shadiest and most private retreats of the woods to vent his love and his grief. His flute, which by good chance, happened to be in his pocket when he was taken away, was his only companion, and the groves around, echoed to softest, saddest melody. *Murray*, instead of being his spy, insensibly conceived a love for him, and became the partaker of his sorrows; and, struck with the superiority of his talents and conceptions, even descended to perform for him the servilest offices. His genius being very poetical, he frequently vented his complaints in song; and the following, as a specimen, is preserved to my readers, who must note, that he takes his images from the country where he then mourned his absent fair.

## THE AMERICAN SONG.

TUNE.—Sweet are the charms of her I love.

## I.

**W**ERE is my fair, ah tell me where?  
 Where does my charming Fanny stray?  
 Oh! were I swift as yonder deer,  
 At her lov'd feet I'd instant lay;  
 But absent—wretched fate is mine,  
 Alas! in anxious grief I pine.

## II.

The gay \* Savannah cheers the eye,  
 All blooming, rich with various sweets;  
 Romantic views the woods supply,  
 Each purling stream the prospect greets;  
 But tasteless all the beauteous scene,  
 Each tint that paints the vivid green.

## III.

More pleasing far the turtle's note,  
 That plaintive, wails his absent mate;  
 Or Philomela's warbling throat,  
 Lamenting her unhappy fate:  
 Delightful pair! ye sooth my woe,  
 And aid the tears that constant flow!

\* Open meadow land.



## IV.

*Ye \* Mock birds cease your numerous song,  
Nor mimic chaunt amidst the grove;  
Tir'd of your lays, the whole day long,  
To sadder sounds the wretched rove:  
When night has spread its veil around,  
I court the † Bull-frogs croaking sound.*

## V.

*Abandon'd, hapless, and forlorn,  
Oh! heavens behold th' ill fated youth!  
Struggling with ills, as soon as born,  
A martyr now to love and truth:  
But bear, oh! bear a wretch's prayer!  
Protect me from that fiend despair!*

## VI.

*But oh! I rave—for Fanny's chains,  
With gladsome, willing mind I bear,  
All o'er my soul—my heart, she reigns,  
Search every vein, you'll find her there:  
Fanny, more sweet than every flower,  
Reviving more, than cooling shower.*

## VII.

*Oh! could I call the fair one mine!  
Around her clasp these circling arms!*

\* Birds that imitate the song of all others.

† A frog that haunts the marshes, remarkable for a loud melancholy noise.

*On her dear breast this head recline,  
And feast on all her killing charms !  
Chas'd far, would be each pain, each care,  
From this sad mind, nor torment there.*

## VIII.

*Delightful thought !—but distant far,  
Illusive, see my hopes expire,  
Twinkling remote like yonder star,  
Or glimmering like that cabin fire,  
E'en faintly now they met my eye,  
Now lost—like misty vapours fly.*

## IX.

*Protect her, oh ! ye powers above !  
That guard the innocent from wrong.  
Protect my joy ! my life ! my love !  
Inspirer—burden of my song !  
Alone let me, unhappy youth,  
A martyr bleed to love and truth !*

Thus poor Tom vented his amorous complaints, nor was his Fanny more at rest ; wild and distracted to know what was become of him, but denied intelligence by her monster of a father, she once more got rid of the odious solicitations of Carter, by the attacks of a fever, so much the more to be dreaded, as it prey'd upon her spirits with dreadful violence. Mrs Barlow could neither get from her husband the secret of

his disposal, nor a promise to break off the designed alliance, and, by the intolerable vexation and grief it occasioned her, became like a walking shadow. *Barlow* hugged himself in what he had done—called it a triumph over canting, nonsense, and love; and, though the story spread about by *Mr Gordon's* means, and he began to be shunned by all his sober neighbours, he yet persisted to carry on his project. Thus three months rolled away, and though *Fanny* again recovered, yet her strength was so visibly impaired, that it was apprehended a consumption would succeed; when one day *Mr Ferguson*, who, with his wife, took an intimate share in their calamity, making many painful researches after *Tom's* place of confinement, at length recollected, that *Barlow*, since he left him, had purchased this distant plantation, which he resolved immediately to explore, and accordingly setting out early, one day in the morning, the succeeding one at noon, after much wandering, made a shift to find it, though deep in the bosom of a very obscure wood. But before he reached it, his ears became his directors; for *Tom*, it being the heat of the day, was sitting under the shade of a copse, and tuning his flute to the saddest notes he could remember. The good man's heart jumped for joy, when he heard the

instrument, knowing it was modulated by his pupil's masterly hand, and soon came near enough to distinguish his person, and, in alighting from his beast, made a rustling that reached the ears of our lover, who casting abroad his eyes, perceived it was indeed his worthy tutor. A ship-wreck'd mariner, with more delightful surprize, after having been thrown on one shore of a desolate island, believing all his crew to be lost, could not have surveyed an old mess-mate advancing towards him, that had escaped by another, than *Tom* expressed at the sight of this good man. The tears filled his eyes, and, running with all the speed he was master of, before he could speak a word, clasped him about the neck, being able only to say oh ! my saviour—my mother—*Fanny*—*Mrs Ferguson*, are they alive ! Indeed, his master was so much affected himself, that he could not answer him for a long time ; but embraced him strenuously, with more than common affection. Perhaps at all times the tongue cannot express our sensations—no—words are far too faint on certain occasions—the dumb shew of sincerity have somewhat infinitely more striking and cordial. However, at length their tongues were loose, and *Tom* being the exile, *Mr Ferguson* first gratified all his enquiries. The generous, grateful youth, wept incessantly at the con-

dition of his *Fanny* and his mother, and even wished he had not been born to be the cause of such disturbance to them; then again, ran out into such raptures on the young lady's constancy and tenderness towards him, and that of Mrs *Barlow*, that his friend thought him inspired with more than mortal eloquence. The friendship of Mr *Gordon*, of Mrs *Ferguson*, and of his visitor, next employed his tongue, and he went on till he was quite tired and jaded, before *Ferguson* could put in a word. His looks emphatically continued the rest—he surveyed him from head to heel, with ardent love and gratitude, and seemed wildly to doubt if what he viewed was real, or only an illusive shadow; he at last let him know the manner of his being conveyed away, his master's visits and surly approbation of his proceedings, his melancholy and dejected state of life, and the constant anxiety he had been under about his dearest *Fanny* and her friends; but my dear preserver, he continued, my impatience has rendered me forgetful that you must needs want refreshment—come, let me lead you to my homely cot, the seat of so much perpetual misery, and, calling a ready *Negro* to take the horse, conducted him a near way to his quarters, and *Murray* being there, who was become his sincere friend, cried, see, mess-mate, pro-

vidence has sent me a guest to whom I owe every thing—to whom I owe my life! With the same vivacious gratitude, the table was covered with their coarse provisions, consisting of the remains of a piece of salt beef, with the leg of a curliou which *Tom* had shot the day before, and a desert of wild grapes and *parsons* \*. As to liquor, a *calabash* of water supplied them, and Mr *Ferguson* protested he had not eaten an heartier meal for a long time. He staid with them a whole day longer, and would have continued longer still, but that the time of *Barlow's* visit was approaching. Within some hours of their parting, *Tom* said, with a melancholy air—I must lose you then, dear sir—and ah! I have neither paper, pens, nor ink, to send my compliments to my protectors, I am destitute of every comfort of that sort. I should long ago, indeed, have ventured to escape from this banishment, but the idea of some time or another hearing from my *Fanny*, and the thought that if I ran away, I should still be at a greater distance from her, deterred me. No, my dear child, *Ferguson* replied, rely upon providence, and don't leave us, as your only pain now, is want of the sight of your friends; some kind chance may restore you to us, and ease your torments, without re-

\* Wild medlars.

curring to such desperate measures ; and now we know where you are, and the times of your master's coming, depend upon it our visits will be frequent, as the distance will permit them. I had, you must know, some forebodings that I should find you, and, as I imagined you quite destitute of entertainment, for I did not think you had got even so much as your flute, I brought a quire of paper, some pens and some ink, in my bags, and this pocket *Horace* with me; to alleviate and brighten some of your solitary hours ; I should also have brought you my pocket bible, but really forgot. Never was joyful gratitude like *Tom's* at hearing this, he fell upon his knees, and thanked God aloud—he embraced his good friend, and cried, Were I Emperor of the *Indies*, I should never be able to return such great, such unmerited goodness ; but, if an heart replete with acknowledgment could speak, it would tell more than my tongue can utter ; but now, dear, dear Sir, will you be so-kind to let me commit a few lines to each of my friends, to your hands. To be sure, my child—and whilst you are writing, I'll take a view of the plantation with Mr *Murray* ; for I think it is as beautiful an one as ever I surveyed. Indeed, Sir, he returned, 'tis a charming spot ; but all its delights are thrown away upon a person that has quite

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lost a relish for pleasure. The bags being brought, and the implements delivered to him, he sat down, and wrote a most dutiful and affectionate letter to Mrs *Barlow*, and others full of acknowledgment to Mr *Gordon* and Mrs *Ferguson*, in which he described his situation and his grief and distress of mind, at being so remote from them. Last of all, he wrote a letter to his *Fanny*, which was conceived in the following terms.

*Charmer of my heart,*

‘ Oh what inexpressible joy I experience;  
‘ in this kind, this long’d-for opportunity,  
‘ now providentially given me, of laying  
‘ myself at your feet, and displaying all the  
‘ gratitude with which my breast is replete.  
‘ Every conscious grove and stream has heard  
‘ my mournful plaints, and every mimic  
‘ echo has resounded my love and despair.  
‘ But can I now despair, when I hear such  
‘ glad tidings of your constancy and affection;  
‘ that you are still alive, and still  
‘ mine? Could my arm but obey the dictates  
‘ of my mind, you should soon be freed  
‘ from the addresses of my hateful rival;  
‘ but alas! I am impotent in every thing,  
‘ but that transcendent flame that warms my  
‘ soul for you. Oh heavens! why was I  
‘ born to such variety of sorrows, to such  
‘ unintermitted misfortunes? Why has the



' most lovely, the most amiable of her sex,  
 ' deigned to meet my passion, whilst I want  
 ' power to assert my claim? To be robbed  
 ' of my parents, to be abused by a villain,  
 ' to be treated with all the marks of slavery  
 ' and subjection, are trifles, mere trifles to  
 ' this consideration; but if there is a Being,  
 ' as sure there is, whose good providence  
 ' rules this world, we still shall taste the fruits  
 ' of that bliss, our fidelity, our pure and  
 ' holy affection merits. Mean time, my  
 ' sweetest *Fanny*, endeavour, for the sake of  
 ' your poor exile, to support your courage  
 ' and preserve your health; some kind in-  
 ' fluence may perhaps speak reason and mo-  
 ' deration to the heart of our persecutor,  
 ' whom I must love under all the sufferings  
 ' he has inflicted upon me, because so near-  
 ' ly allied to you. That dear mother! *how*  
 ' *shall I repay the gratitude and duty that I*  
 ' *owe her?* May heaven protect my fairest,  
 ' dearest creature! may we at length—pre-  
 ' sumptuous thought!—be blest'd with each  
 ' other, and may all our woes be forgotten.  
 ' Adieu, delight of my soul, I should write  
 ' for ever, but Mr *Ferguson* is in haste to  
 ' depart!

*Your most tender and faithful adorer*  
*and servant*

THOMAS \_\_\_\_\_

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‘ Would to God I knew another name to add to it—but his will be done!’ ”

Mr *Ferguson* being now returned from his tour, *Tom* folded up his letters, and presented them to his care, and after a mournful and tender embrace, they bid adieu to each other, the youth with straining eyes pursuing his welcome guest, till the envious woods covered him from his view.

This was, indeed, the last time he was to see the face of any of his dear friends, for during the little space he had been enjoying such bliss, his enemies were contriving a scheme to send him away far from *Maryland*, and all the longings of his breast. *Fanny*’s obstinate silence to young *Carter*, who, if he could not love, began to lust after her possession, prodigiously chagrined both their fathers; and, as bad men are ever mistrustful and suspicious, they not in the least doubted but *Tom* and she had found out some secret method of correspondence, that tended to support her in her resolutions. This thought no sooner entered the Colonel’s head, but he proposed to *Barlow* to send him out of the country. *Barlow* at first, considering the service he had already been of upon his plantation, the profits whereof were increased one half, and the further improve-

ments he was likely to make, was loth to lend an ear to this proposal; but having it dinned in his ears, day after day, at length, through fear of missing the desired match gave his consent, upon condition he was reimbursed the money he cost him. This agreement made, they next cast about for a proper purchaser, and as distant a place as possible, and fortunately, as they thought, one *Matthewson*, an *Indian* trader, who had never been down that way before, came accidentally to purchase some commodities for his traffic, at the neighbouring stores, or warehouses; with him, then, unsight unseen, they struck a bargain, and representing *Tom's* talents and abilities, though they knew of none but his natural ones, to the best advantage, *Barlow* received twenty pounds sterling for him, which was a profit that was very grateful to his sordid soul. Thus the innocent victim was made over, once more, as a slave, to another master, and all three rode down to the plantation to deliver him up to his purchaser. The poor youth had been industriously busy, most part of the day, and was then retired into his cot, with his *Horace*, and pleasing himself with the fine conceptions of that elegant poet. He rose when he saw his betrayers approach, met them with a sweetness and condescending humility, that at first sight

captivated his new master, to such a degree that he could scarcely believe it was his purchase. *Barlow*, after praising him highly, told him he had thought fit to make him over to that gentleman, whom he was to serve for the future. This sentence, which seemed to include further banishment from his *Fanny*, called terror to his heart and tears into his eyes; but, recovering himself, he said—Sir, what have I done to deserve so much severity? or how came you by a right to dispose of a man that was born free, that you came by clandestinely, and have kept in involuntary slavery ever since? These words he uttered in the first anguish of his bosom; but on Mrs *Barlow*'s account, repented himself immediately afterwards, and wished, silently, that he had not spoken them; but it was too late, and the brute fired at these truths, which he thought him totally unacquainted with, began to vomit forth a thousand curses, and would have struck him, but that the more humane *Matthewson* held his arm. The Colonel enforced his abuses with his own, and young *Carter*, coming close to him, gave him two or three cuts with his whip, saying, You dirty dog, how dare you prate so saucily?—d—n me, I'll cut you in two—but we've done for you however! If ever *Tom* indulged passion and fury, it was now—struck by

, his odious brutish rival—he could not bear it, and at one spring, catching him fast by the collar with one hand, with the other sent him senseless to measure his length upon the earth, by a blow over his temples. Then turning to *Barlow*, he said, in the same instant—excuse me, Sir—if you have an authority to strike me, no body else has I'm sure. The two old ruffians remained some moments, looking at each other, as if astonished at his boldness, and then both together made towards him, with their weapons elevated, swearing they would whip him to death, but his new master stepping in, cried, Hold, hold, gentlemen! two to one are odds!—the young fellow has done as he ought to do; and if you offer to strike him—for remember he's mine now—perhaps both of us together, harkee, may be as good as you, three, and snatching up an hoe, that laid beside him, prepared to make good his menace, crying at the same time to *Tom*, Hold up your head, my lad—I'm on your side! These words forced the assailants to make a pause, and relinquish their attempt; for *Matthewson* was a strong man, a rich man, and afraid of neither of them; nor do the planters care to affront the *Indian* traders, who are frequently their good customers, so they contented themselves with casting malignant looks at *Tom*, but seemed to court a

truce. He, being sensible to whom he owed this reprieve, making an handsome bow, said, Sir, I am glad I am fallen into such considerate hands, and will endeavour to serve you to the utmost. Already you have inspired me with gratitude, which is a principle that cannot fail of making me faithful. —I am content to leave that tyrant, looking fiercely at *Barlow*, who does not understand how to use a fellow-creature: and then turning to young *Carter*, who was just got up, quite dismayed, he continued, As to you, Sir, have I ever offended you? or is it your superior wealth—join'd to your superior pride and ignorance, that has made you so wantonly free of your blows? If this gentleman will permit me, I'll even now, upon this fair stage, convince you that you struck a better man than yourself, and use you as all such scoundrels ought to be treated. The coward flunk away at these words, and mounting his horse, galloped off full speed, to the great diversion of *Matthewson*, who clapping *Tom* upon the shoulder, told him he was a lad after his own heart! Then ordering him to get what things he had, on which occasion he did not forget his flute, his *Horace*, or his implements of writing, he bid adieu to *Carter* and *Barlow*, who remained very moody, and was going to mount his horse, when *Tom* came to him,

and addressed him in this manner: Sir, I should reckon myself still infinitely more oblig'd to you, if you would wait some minutes, till I have taken leave of a parcel of poor creatures that love me, and who have been the companions and assistants of my labour, and wish that gentleman, nodding to *Barlow*, may set a person over them that may use them with equal humanity for the future. Do child, Mr *Matthewson* replied, quite taken with his person and behaviour, your time shall be mine. *Murray* had given notice to the *Negroes*, who, men, women, and children, flocked around their overseer, lamenting, in their uncooth tone and broken language, that he was going to leave them: all pressed forward to shake his hand, and all wept sincerely. And afterwards, advancing to *Murray*, they embraced, and affectionately bid each other farewell, *Tom* leaving it in charge to deliver a few lines he had hastily wrote to Mr *Ferguson*, when he should call, and they both mutually promising to remember each other. *Matthewson* was quite melted at this scene, and *Barlow* and the Colonel seemed touched; but strove, through pride, to conceal their approbation. And now *Tom*, having mounted upon a spare horse his master brought with him, turning towards his two enemies, said, Gentlemen, I'll leave you a piece of

advice that may be of service to you—if you use your servants and dependents with kindness, your work will be done chearfully; and you'll gain as many friends as your purchase; on the contrary, you'll have as many enemies about you as there are men, who having no reason to the contrary, will take all opportunities to spoil and destroy you. And now Mr *Barlow*, I pray heaven to soften your barbarous disposition, and enable you to amend your life—in which case, may providence, which has hitherto wonderfully protected me against your mean and base designs, and now, when you intended my hurt has directed me, in this gentleman, whom I am proud to call my master, to a friend and a patron, bless you with every blessing in life—but above all, may that excellent lady, who to me has been a mother; and her amiable daughter, be for ever happy here, and blessed hereafter, as their merits deserve, and their goodness to the miserable and the unfortunate; so saying, with tears in his eyes, he turned his horse's head, and followed his master, who was not sorry to be relieved from the company of two men, to whom he had taken a very great dislike. They were within a few miles of the borders of *Virginia*, at this plantation, and soon entered *Northampton* county; the first on the eastern neck of that colony, and at passing



the lines, his master let him know he was leaving *Maryland*, at which he could not help turning back, with the utmost passion in his gesture—crying out, Oh my dearest *Fanny*!—I am going to leave thee for ever! then addressing *Matthewson*, continued, pray Sir, excuse me—I'll transgress no more! That gentleman was silent for some moments, and then said—There is somewhat more in your story than I am aware of—otherwise, how could your master think of parting with so good, so sensible a servant! Ah! Sir, he replied, my story is a very calamitous one, and will too much affect you, or, as you have now a right to know every thing concerning me, I would give it you as we ride along. Do, child, he replied, I am all attention—look upon me as your friend. *Tom* then gave him his adventures from the time of his coming into the colony—the account *Williamson* gave *Barlow*,—the goodness of Mrs *Barlow*, and the rest of his friends—the manner of his education—the cruel treatment he received from his master—nor did he conceal his passion for *Fanny*, and the distress he feared that young lady must be involved in, when she should know of his departure. *Matthewson* was a man of good sense, and had a very tender heart; he had come young into the country, as a servant, after losing all his

friends in *England*, but having had a good master, who had no children he left him all he had, which he converted into goods proper for the *Indian* trade, and had been settled in several of the *Indian* nations at the back of *Virginia*, for above twenty years, where his success had been so extraordinary, that, besides the goods in his several stores, and near a hundred horses, and many servants and slaves, he had eight thousand pounds sterling in the hands of the merchants of *Williamsburgh* and *James Town*. He had neither wife nor children, and remembering his own destitute state, when he came first into *America*, he was wonderfully affected with *Tom's* distresses; and, every now and then, whilst he was telling his story, broke out into exclamations against the villains *Williamson* and *Barlow*, and applauses of *Mrs Barlow*, her daughter and *Mr Ferguson* and *Gordon*. In short, the young man told his tale with so much grace that he insensibly insinuated himself into his affections; and when he had concluded, his master shook him kindly by the hand, and said—Poor creature!—never was a more lamentable story—but, however, set yourself at rest—I'll be your father and your friend—At first, when I purchased you—I intended you for a mere servant—I knew nothing of you—but your talents and your integrity

entitle you to the chief post under me—you shall mannage all my affairs—without compulsion—from this moment you are free—If you can get the love of the *Indians* as I observe, you have that of the *Negroes*, you'll be the richest man soon in *America*—and perhaps providence may yet make you happy in the possession of that worthy girl—you seem to deserve each other.—I perceive you have no name but *Thomas*——from this time you shall make use of mine—you shall be called *Thomas Matthewson*, and shall be the repository of all my affairs and my secrets.—There is a certain somewhat, in certain countenances, that prepossesses us in the favour of the wearers at first sight, an openness, an ingenuity, and an amiableness, that immediately strikes the beholder——such was *Tom's*, and that and the many noble instances he had given of his sentiments and his fortitude, had quite captivated his master, so that he really began to look upon him as a son. The mingled starts of joy, gratitude and love towards this generous man, which inspired *Tom's* breast, at the conclusion of this speech, no words can paint—it actuated his whole person, it heaved his bosom—it flushed his face, and deprived him of utterance; but, flinging himself from his horse and kneeling by the side of his master's, holding his stirrup in

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his hand, at length he brought forth this return! Oh, Sir, how happy you make me—can I ever deserve such goodness?—I looked upon you as my father, when you first interposed between me and *Barlow's* fury—I loved you without knowing why—but here I vow, that if the most respectful duty—the humblest attendance—the exactest fidelity, can at all make me worthy of your favours—it shall be my study night and day to deserve them—your name, Sir,—shall never be disgraced—and I am as happy this moment, as if I had recovered my real parents! *Matthewson* still more and more delighted with this unexpected action, raised him—endeavoured to calm his overbearing sensations, and began to experience, in the society of this youth, more happiness than ever he had known before. At the houses of all his friends, as he passed along, he introduced him as his near relation, made him his bedfellow, had a suit of his own clothes altered for him, trimmed with silver lace; and was pleased to observe that every body entertained the same sentiments of him with himself. He let him into the manners of the several tribes of *Indians*, with whom he trafficed, introduced him to the whole knowledge of his fortune and concerns, and to the merchants and store-keepers with whom he dealt; and his pupil improved so

fast upon his hands, that he soon eased him of all trouble and sollicitude. The *French Indians* beginning to be troublesome to our back settlements, before they departed from *Virginia*, Mr *Matthewson* obtained a commission from the government to raise and command a troop of rangers, which was not only a public service, but a security to his own private property, and, by his desire, young Mr *Matthewson*, as Tom was now called, was made cornet to the troop, and with this honour they set out for their stores in the *Indian* country, where they were going now to act in the double capacity of soldiers and merchants. In their journey, of near three hundred miles, through this beautiful, but wild and uncultivated country, he became quite expert in the methods of travelling, living, camping, and hunting, and, before he arrived at their first station, was as compleat a woodsman as *Matthewson* himself, who beheld with delight and pride his ready proficiency. At their arrival he presented him to the *Indian* head-men and warriors, and taking him to his several stores, initiated him into their management, and let all his servants and dependants know, he was to be obeyed next to himself. The troop they were commissioned to raise, was composed of their own people, by which the captain had the

double advantage of their service and the government's pay, and they were soon made compleat enough in their exercise, for the rough duty of that part of the world, consisting of twenty-five white men and fifteen *Negroes*, besides their two officers. It is amazing with what facility *Tom* learned the *Creek* dialect, which is the general speech for trade, throughout the several nations; and by his firmness, sobriety, punctuality, and honesty towards the natives, he was become in a little time of more importance than even his principal, and equally beloved and confided in, so that the rest of the traders could make little of it in their neighbourhood, but were obliged to shift their quarters to a greater distance. Mean time he was so affectionately obsequious to his father, as he stiled him, that he could scarce bear him out of his sight, and a fit of sickness he was attacked with, and by which he was reduced to death's door, completed so thoroughly the conquest this young man had made of his affections, by his tender assiduity, his sensible grief, and his easing his mind of the burden of his affairs, that he made no secret after his recovery of his design to make him the heir of all his fortune. Thus this abandoned persecuted boy was now as happy as his utmost wishes could reach; but still a worm within destroyed his peace. To

the woods and wilds, he oft echoed his *Fanny's* name, and with all this success and good fortune, would have sunk under the burden of absence and despair, if that cordial, reviving guest, hope, of returning to throw himself at her feet, crowned with laurels, and loaded with riches, had not insinuated its soft balm into his troubled soul. Thus four years wore away, and they had yet exercised their military capacity very little; but as to their trade and riches, they were improved at least a third, and *Matthewson's* fondness had so increased for *Tom*, that he had made a will in his favour to bar all accidents, by which he became his sole heir and executor, and lodged one copy, properly witnessed, with a merchant at *Williamsburgh*, and the other he preserved in his own custody.

Notwithstanding the peace of *Utrecht* of the year 1713, the designing *French* underhandly kept up their animosity between their *Indians*, and those attached to the *English*; and the former had made dreadful inroads into the territories of the allies of the latter. As they had begun to settle all the country at the back of us, they were willing, if possible, to engross the whole trade to themselves, and to drive us, by degrees, intirely out of that profitable branch. If ever they

appeared themselves, it was under the notion of auxiliaries; but they gave free leave to their traders to accompany and support the *Indians* they dwelt amongst, to supply them with fire-arms at the expence of their government, and drive us out of all the neutral part of the country. The *British American* governors, particularly those of *Virginia* and *Carolina*, ordered our people, on their side, to repel force by force, so that though there was peace between the two crowns, a hot *Indian* war was carried on in that part of the world. But as a provision against making the quarrel national, the governments, on both sides, withdrew their commissions, leaving every thing to private decision, but supplying them secretly with arms and ammunition.

A store, that Captain *Matthewson* had in the *Twightwee* nation, was broke open by a party of *French Indians*, two of his servants carried away captive to *Fort Mowille*, and the inhabitants most of them killed, valiantly fighting, and disputing every inch of ground. Upon this news he dispatched *Toni* to the tribes nearest in our alliance, who gave them the *long talk*\*, and engaged them to take arms to revenge so notorious a trea-

\* So they call their solemn debates on peace and war.



chery. By his insinuating eloquence, he brought down seventy gun-men to his patron's residence, who joining them with twenty *Whites* and *Negroes*, they marched into the enemies territories, for upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, burning and destroying all before them. This news was no sooner brought to *Moville*, than the governor, who was a marquis, and knight of the order of *St Louis*, went with one hundred *Indians*, and forty *French* to oppose them, and, after a laborious rout, came up within two days march of them on one of the branches of the *Ohio*. *Matthewson's* scouts soon brought an account of their superiority in numbers, which a little intimidated his *Indians*, but he and the young warrior represented so well the shame of turning their backs, that they agreed at length to stand battle. They took them in this humour, for the *Indians* are very fickle, and waited in a convenient situation, with a steady countenance, for the arrival of the enemy. *Tom*, who, upon this occasion, shewed all the conduct and intrepidity of an old warrior, formed the right wing with 14 *Whites* and *Negroes*, and Captain *Matthewson* with 6 *Whites*, and 15 *Indian* warriors, took post on the left; both parties, being entrenched up to the teeth by a ditch they had cast up, and secured from view or aim

by palmettos \*. The main body of *Indians* formed the center, and were secured by a fortification of pine trees, felled on purpose, and intermixed with palmettos, and at their head were posted the *Mico Calcatbony* and his son *Talapache*, both renowned warriors. It was, however, near three days before they came in sight, and during that space, they finished completely the disposition of their little army, which was so secured, that it would be a difficult and dangerous attempt to force their posts; and one of those evenings the worthy *Matthewson* and his adopted son, discoursing of their *Indian* auxiliaries, and particularly of the great qualities of *Calcatbony*, the former said, that *Indian* had endured many sorrows from the *French*, to whom he had behaved in former years with the humanity and generosity even of a Christian; for which he had been ungratefully rewarded; and proceeded to oblige *Tom's* earnest enquiries with the following relation of some adventures that happened, just after he entered the country, and in which he had had a considerable share.

\* A shrub with a large, fanlike, leaf, with which in *America*, huts and cabins are covered, or thatched.

*The Story of CALCATHUY and TALOUFA.*

OF all the war captains of the upper *Creeks*, none has so much deserved reputation as the renowned *Calcatbony*: he was the son of a *Mico*, whose prowess the *French* had often mourned; who had scalped some hundreds of them and their *Indians*, at their first settling in the country; and, untameably free, had resisted all their flattering arts to draw him to their interest; his tomohawk never returning without being dyed in their blood. His son became early a follower of his steps; and, at a greener age than ever was before known, forsaking the society of the women and the boys, was admitted to all the consultations of their *beloved men*, and partook in the military achievements of his nation. He performed the war-dance with grace and propriety; he knew all the retreats of the woods, for some hundred miles round, was nimble as his fellow natives the deer, was the most expert marksman with his gun, would transfix the smallest of the feathered race with his arrows, was practised in all their stratagems of war, in which he had uncommon success; and, before he was twenty-five, was looked upon by the enemy as the most formidable

bar to their encroachments in this part of the world. Nor did he less excel in the milder offices of life; he was a huntsman that no prey could escape; the swift-footed buck, and the heavy buffalo became his ready prey, and the fish of every lake seemed to croud to his suspending hook; and, in debates, either relating to the improvements of peace, or the meditated ravages of war, outstripped the wisdom of the greyest old man. But what more than any thing made him loved and dreaded by the *Indians* and *French*, was that greatness of soul which he displayed either in prosperity or adversity, the justice and honesty of his actions, the inflexible disposition he displayed to preserve that jewel liberty, and the strong attachment he had to the *English*, which no offers or advantages from the other side could ever induce him to forsake.

With these great and good qualities, it was not surprising that he should be elected, upon the death of his father, to succeed him in the supreme magistracy, in civil concerns, and command, in war, with the unanimous voice of his countrymen; nor that he should lead them to conquest and victory, or inspire them with a contempt of death and danger in the common cause; so that they became the most happy and envied people.

in few years, of all the numerous nations of *North America*. It would have been unhappy if the other sex had not afforded an object worthy the addresses of so excellent a youth; but he beheld in the amiable *Taloufa*, who was the daughter of a *head-man* of great account, all that could appear charming to the eyes of an *Indian*, nay, of an *European*; her temper was mild and gentle, her heart soft, and susceptible of the noblest passions, her person beautiful, and her features quite transporting. Two years peace allowed him to sigh his passion at her feet; for he scorned the ways of the *Indians*, who marry as they are bid by their parents, and would accept of *Taloufa*, upon no other condition, than that of convincing her he sought her happiness in his own, and that he meant to make her his companion and the friend of his heart, and not to destine her to that drudgery and servile submission, which he abominated, but was universally practised by the *Indian* women. Her cabin shone with the richest spoils of the chase, was adorned with the finest shells, culled from the sandy beaches of many distant coasts and rivers, and her neck and lovely bosom, as well as her delicate arms, were adorned with bracelets of gold and pearl, which he had purchased of the *English* traders. Tender assiduities like these, such nobleness of

sentiment, such generosity of soul, did not fail to incline the ear of the delightful *Taloufa* to his suit; and, at length, they were married, to the universal liking of their subjects, and the brave *Talapache*, now with us, and another youth, were, in due time, the issue of a mutual affection, which never could admit of inconstancy or alienation. So fond was this charming spouse, that she even attended him in many of his warlike expeditions; at home soothed his cares and anxieties, and, in short, no story can tell of a more inseparable, more happy pair.

In an expedition against the *French*, in the year 1695, fortune declared, for the first time, against *Calcatbouy*, he was defeated, near fifty of his followers slain, himself made prisoner, and carried away towards *Quebec* in triumph. A young *French* nobleman, named *De Courcy*, who commanded against him, struck with his noble and majestic air, the dignity of his behaviour, and the undauntedness of his countenance; and at the same time knowing the importance of such an ally, if he could be gained over, refused to give him up to the rage of their *Indians*, who insisted to burn him, and when he was brought before him, said, *Indian!* you are a slave to my fortune! —you are my prisoner! —I have granted

you life, against the voice of all my people, *French* and *Indians*, who burn to revenge the many mischiefs you have done them : I shall carry you to *Quebec*, from whence, if you can persuade your nation to an alliance with us, and become our friend yourself, Count *Frontinac*, who represents our great Emperor *Lewis*, will, no doubt, spare your life, and return you, loaded with presents, to your nation; otherwise you will be forced to expiate all your cruelties with your blood. This was spoke in *French*, and interpreted by one of their traders ; but, as soon as *Calcatbouy* heard the import of it, stung with a generous disdain and contempt, he returned the following answer. — *Frenchman* ! that I have been a formidable enemy, is all you know of *Calcatbouy* ; you have heard, no doubt, that far as the eagle flies around these nations, so far my conquests, and, high as he soars, my fame have extended ; but *Calcatbouy* is also to be known, as a man not to be cast down by a reverse of fortune, which the wisest conduct cannot always prevent—as a man who has looked death too often in the face to be scared at his approach, though armed with torments severe, as the most fell wretch can invent ;—nor can the view of any personal danger tempt me to break my engagements with a valued ally—the *English*—who fight, like me, in the

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common cause of mankind, against their enslavers. No—I value not your emperor or his substitute, and will sooner submit to all you can inflict, than purchase life at the price of losing my honour. Long as our lofty pines extend their branches into the air—long as our lakes supply us with the scaly prey, or our spreading woods afford us retreat and food—our nation will be your enemy;—and were I once again free—I would pour desolation upon your fields, and destruction upon your heads. Know *Frenchman*, that an *Indian*, who in prosperity could refuse your offers, scorns to be biassed or directed by the severest stroke adversity can inflict. At this conclusion, of a speech that made all the hearers tremble, *De Courcy* turned pale, and without reply, ordered him to be bound, and immediately set forward on his return to *Quebec*, committing him to the custody of a chosen guard of *French*, who marched in the front, as well to secure so important a prisoner, as to prevent the *Indians* of his party from killing him in the rout. *Calcatbouy* suffered every indignity with patience, kept silence with a surly sullenness, employing all his thoughts, however improbable, upon the means of an escape, and now and then sent a deep sigh after his beloved *Taloufa*, and his family. The person who commanded this party, was



a young gentleman of the name of *Marfil-lac*, and a knight of the *Holy Ghost*; he appeared charmed with *Calcatbouy*, and behaved so assiduously, to gain his good opinion, that the gloomy chief was softened, and they became friends, by the *Indian* ceremony of exchanging a present; and the chevalier even loosened him from the bands that fastened his arms, and he was so far at liberty. It happened, that after ten days march, a party of the *Iroquese*, who hearing of the *French* designs against their distant allies, were out to way-lay them, luckily came up and attacked them. *De Courcy* made the best dispositions he could; but it was all in vain—he was vanquished, and forced to retreat with great precipitation, with a handful of his *French* and *Indians*, leaving the rest of his party stretched upon the earth. *Calcatbouy*, at the beginning of the skirmish, seized a gun from a *Frenchman*, with which, after having knocked out his brains, he broke away to the *Iroquese*, and did prodigious execution upon his late conquerors. His friends, overjoyed at having redeemed him, sent him home, and he returned to his nation, to the inexpressible consolation of his mourning *Taloufa*, and his faithful subjects, who were gathering together with their allies and the *English*, to revenge his death, which they had looked

upon as certain. He did not suffer this ardour to cool, but, full of his late usage, marched at the head of three hundred gunmen, assisted by fifty *English*, to join the *Iroquese*, and, with unabated diligence, spread fire and sword to the very gates of *Quebec*: the governor did all he could to oppose this insult, but it was so sudden, that he had not time to call in the assistance of his *Indians*, and *Calathouy* returned, after having laid many plantations in ruins, within sight of the town, and carried home forty *Frenchmen*, whom he had made prisoners, with whom he entered the *Creek* towns, with songs and shouts of triumph, after an absence of only fourteen weeks.

In the first fury of his people, he had much ado to prevent their burning all the *French* prisoners, without exception; and at last was forced to agree to the sentence of the *beloved men*, that ten should be chosen, by casting lots amongst themselves, for execution; and the rest should be made slaves. Accordingly the forlorn number were prepared for their horrid fate.—Already the posts were erected, in the principal town, the bands prepared—the light-wood placed around—the trembling victims were bound to the stake; matches tied in all parts of their bodies, and the women and children

were eager to begin their torments ; when, one of them looking wistfully towards the place where *Calcatbony* and the *bead-men* were seated, cried out, in the *Indian* tongue; with a trembling voice, Ah ! *Mico*—will you burn your friend, will you see him expire in torments, who loosened your chains ? No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than *Calcatbony* recollected the voice and person of *Marsillac*, who had till that instant no opportunity to make himself known——struck thereat, he gave orders to stop the lighting of the dreadful fire, and, having represented his behaviour to the *bead-men*, he, with tears and prayers, besought his exemption from punishment, which, with some difficulty he obtained; and immediately flew to him, and, with his own hands, having unbound him, sent him to the care of his *Taloufa*, at his cabin ; nay, he did more; he, with so much success, intreated for the other prisoners, that only one suffered the fiery trial ; for he was resolved to spare all he could to the merit of his *French* friend. When he arrived at his hut, he embraced him, told his wife of his obligations to him, and, with her, endeavoured, by every kind and hospitable treatment, to render his captivity easy. *Marsillac* was a thorough *Frenchman*, was supple, fawning, and obsequious, and soon so gained upon

the hearts of his patron and patroness; that they made him a party in all their pleasures—he fished, hunted, and feasted with them, and partook of the innocent delights of those rural retreats, that were sacred to the love and friendship of the happy pair and their family. Perhaps *Marsillac* was sincere in his first attachment to his deliverer, and might have persisted in it; but frequent views of the graces of *Taloufa*, soon made an impression upon his heart, and he burnt, slave and dejected as he was, with an impure passion, which however he had not the temerity to declare. He grew melancholy, spoke little, and had so lost his gaiety of temper, that it was soon perceived, and his kind host and hostess ascribing it to his absence from *Quebec*, and his condition of a captive, at length prevailed for his liberty, with two of his fellow prisoners, and had them conducted safe into their own territories. Three years passed away, at the end of which *Marsillac* was sent to garrison a new fort, then erecting, since called *Mouville*, and which was not quite defensible; and the being so much nearer to *Taloufa*, recalled his old desires, and he resolved to hazard the breach of gratitude, virtue, and honour, nay his own ruin, rather than not enjoy the tempting bait. For this purpose, having selected a chosen few, he privately marched, for

several days, on good horses, till he arrived at one of the well-known retreats of that excellent woman, and her fond husband; found them there, overpowered them, and their two or three attendants, all unprepared and unarmed, and having bound them, returned with his prey to the fort, before any alarm could be given in the towns, which had been used to these absences of their king, sometimes for several days. No words can paint the mingled fury, horror, and detestation, that *Calcatbouy* expressed, when this wretch discovered himself, and barefacedly owned his baseness, and had the audacity even to threaten him with death to his face, unless *Taloufa* complied with his lust. *Frenchman*, he cried, all enflamed—thou convincest me there is neither justice nor gratitude in thy nation!—well is it for thee—that I am bound and unarmed, and that thou art surrounded with thy men—otherwise, words like these, should have cost thee thy life—well am I repaid for trusting to any of thy faithless tribe; but know this, thou wretch, that *Taloufa* can die before she can suffer such disgrace, and that *Calcatbouy* dares the completion of thy abominable and black treachery. *Marsillac* ordered him away to a dungeon, loaded with irons, not being able to face him longer, or to reply, and *Taloufa* was conducted full of rage

and despair, to an apartment next his own, with two men, to see that she took no desperate methods against her life. His overbearing lust did not permit him to stay long from her, and, entering her chamber some hours after, he ordered the attendants away, and began to sooth her to his purposes; but was answered with the contempt and disdain that the virtue of that amiable woman inspired. At length he proceeded to force, and bearing her to the bed, would have triumphed over the chastity of so many years of purity, when *Tatoufa* espied a sword upon it, lying behind her, which one of her guards had cautiously left behind him, which seizing hastily, she plunged into his bosom, and he vomited out his black soul in a torrent of blood. By the threats and menaces he had used towards her *Calcatbany*, she imagined, ere now, he had been made a sacrifice, and, knowing she was in the power of wretches who would not fail to revenge the death of their chief, she, without hesitation, bravely run herself through the heart, and fell upon the floor, an example of consummate virtue and heroic fortitude. For some hours this dreadful catastrophe remained undiscovered; but at length *Marsillac* beginning to be missed, by his servants, they broke into the room, and were witnesses to a scene of horror, that chilled their blood;

and the story was soon spread through the garrison. The officer that hereupon succeeded in the command, being apprehensive of the ill effects of such an action, and the odium it would bring upon his nation, amongst all the *Indians*, friends and enemies, was at his wit's end how to act; he knew the prowess of *Calcatbony*, and that, after he was informed of the death of *Taloufa*, he would, if set at liberty, breathe nothing but implacable revenge, and soon overturn their new-erected works; and though he detested the baseness of *Marsillac*, and resolved not to take his life; yet he determined to send him to *Quebec*, with a letter of the affair, to *Frontinac*, and his advice to keep him a secret and perpetual prisoner. While these events happened at *Moville*, *Calcatbony's* attendants, who had escaped when he was taken, for *Marsillac*, blinded to every thing but his passion, had suffered them to go unhurt, came home with the news of his capture by the *French*, which caused the utmost consternation. Though I was young in the trade, I had received so many favours from this great man, that I was really afflicted with his loss, and determined to acquiesce in every measure for revenging his fall; and a body of *Indians*, to the number of eight hundred, being assembled, I joined them with near sixty other *Englishmen*, traders and

their servants; and immediately marched towards *Moville*, to which place we imagined, truly, that he and his *Taloufa* were conveyed: before we set down to the siege, however, a *French* deserter joined us from thence, informed us of the fate of *Marfiller* and *Taloufa*, and that *Calcatbouy* had two days before been conveyed from the fort, and was gone towards *Quebec*. Upon this intelligence, myself, with ten *Whites*, and fifty *Indians*, immediately set off in pursuit of the party that had him in custody, and it being a rainy season, and the waters much swelled, after three days journey, we came up with them, on the banks of the *Misouri*, and finding them only forty men, we attacked them, killed every soul, after a very brave resistance, and once more set the unfortunate chief at liberty. The most informed and polite *European* could not have, in more lively terms, expressed his gratitude, and, when he heard we were before *Moville*, methought his figure and attitude resembled that of the fabled god of war; but alas! when, in a prepared and prudent way, I let him into the catastrophe of his wife; all the fierceness of the warrior, and the firmness of the man was lost for some days, the *Indian* stoicism was not proof against so home a stroke—he fainted, and, when recovered, made the saddest and most moving com-



plaints, till rage and fury broke in upon his soul, and the thoughts of vengeance, occupied, in its turn, his breast. In short, we arrived at the camp before *Moville*, and, after three weeks lying before it, in which actions of bravery were performed on both sides, worthy of eternal remembrance, the commanding officer proposed a capitulation, by the articles of which all concerned with *Marfillac* in his baseness, were delivered up to us and burnt; one thousand pounds were given in presents to our *Indians*, and the fortress was dismantled; after which the rest of the garrison, now reduced to a very small number, were conducted safe into the territories of *Quebec*, and we returned in triumph to our nations. Poor *Calcatbouy*, though happy in his children, has never been seen once to smile since the loss of the amiable *Taloufa*, and though alive, but half lives without her inspiring presence. Mean time he has perpetually harassed and plagued the enemy, and, had his counsels been followed by our neighbouring governments, *Moville* would not now be a thorn in our sides, but we should ourselves have had a fort there, which would have bridled the *French* incroachments, and given us a larger extent of country to trade in.

Here the captain ceased, and *Tom* began

to conceive the highest regard for this worthy *Indian*, and wished the *French* would approach, that he might have a fresh opportunity of chastising that base and perfidious people. At length the *French* appeared, and either for want of intelligence, or from a confidence of their numbers, suffered their *Indians* to move forward, promiscuously, without order or command. As soon as they came within gun-shot, *Tom* ordered half his men to give fire, and *Matthewson* doing the like on the other flank, they dropped in great numbers, and the whole body made a sudden halt of the greatest astonishment; at which time, as they were all huddling together, the reserve let fly, and plainly could perceive upwards of twenty more fall to the earth. The *French*, meantime, who were at a considerable distance, seeing their friends engaged, marched briskly up to their assistance; but it was too late, for the *Indians*, quite scared, fell back upon them, and put them into such disorder, that *Matthewson* gave the signal for the main body of his *Indians* to move up, and attack them to the very teeth. This they did, with such courage, that, after two or three discharges, by which they killed more of their own *Indians* than ours, they began to retreat, in as good order as possible; but *Matthewson* and *Tom* having marched about,

unperceived, through certain defiles, attacked them in the rear, so that, finding no possibility of escape, they performed wonders of bravery, and disputed every inch of ground with the utmost obstinacy. Both parties were now at close quarters, with pieces clubbed, hatchets, hangers, and *Tomahawks*, making wretched butchery of each other, till, of the enemy *Indians*, very few were left alive, and most of those prisoners to ours, and the *French* had lost half their number. *Matthewson* and *Tom* fought like heroes, and dealt death at every stroke; but the former encountering the *French* commander, hand to hand, unfortunately received a pistol ball through his heart, which at once robbed the generous man of life. *Tom*, who was within view, seeing him fall, gave a loud cry, and pressing to the spot, shot his adversary through the head; and now, full of revenge and resentment, spread such destruction around him, that the miserable remains of the forty *French*, being only twelve in number, flung down their arms, and cried for quarter. In the first sallies of his grief and rage, he was going to refuse it, and cut them all to pieces; but humanity and reason soon resumed their empire over him, and he ordered his men to protect them from our *Indians*. So obstinate an engagement was never known in

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that part of the world, nor the *Indians* to stand their ground so firmly : it lasted full six hours, and was perfect butchery all the while. Of the forty *French*, only twelve remained alive, and most of these desperately wounded. Of their hundred *Indians* forty-seven lay dead on the field, near twenty were knocked down in the pursuit, ten were made prisoners, and the rest got off by swimming across the stream. On the side of the *English*, poor Captain *Matthewson* and *Talapache* were killed, four negroes and three white men ; and *Tom*, now commander in chief, and eight more slightly wounded—of the seventy *Indians*, besides *Talapache*, twenty-five were slain, and an inconsiderable number wounded. After having disposed the prisoners under a proper guard, they interred, first, *Talapache* and their own dead, and the *French* Marquis, with military ceremony, and then the rest of the *French*, and their *Indians*, in one deep pit, firing three rounds over their graves. This care of the dead got *Tom* great reputation with both parties ; and now having wept sincere tears over the body of his dear friend and patron, whose loss lay heavy upon his grateful mind, he had thoughts of carrying it back to be interred on friendly ground ; but as they were near eighty miles from his nearest store, he found it impracticable, and therefore pre-

pared to give him the best funeral his circumstances would afford. They hollowed a tree for a coffin, in which they placed him, after cleansing him from the blood that had soiled his visage, and, digging a deep grave, they let him down into that peaceful habitation, his adopted, mournful son, shedding floods of tears over him, and speaking an oration to his praise in the *English* and *Indian* tongues; then firing three volleys over him, they covered him with his parent earth, and neatly sodded the grave with green turf. But *Tom* was not yet satisfied, and knowing he had an *English* servant of the Captain's left alive, who had served his time to a carver, he ordered a proper tree to be sought, and encamped upon the spot till it could be fashioned for a monument, and the following inscription, cut upon it, which he drew up on the occasion.

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Whilst humanity and virtue  
 exist in the world,  
 To all those who knew Captain  
 JOHN MATTHEWSON,  
 His memory will be ever dear.  
 He was a man,  
 Of wisdom and knowledge,  
 Of such integrity,  
 So just, so merciful, so charitable,  
 so frugal, so temperate,  
 That his death  
 Is a public loss.  
 Valiantly fighting,  
 Against the *French* and their *Indians*,  
 Though superior in number,  
 He received a wound,  
 which robbed him of life,  
 After he had secured victory to his party,  
 On *Sept. 17th. anno 1719.*  
 Friend or enemy !  
 Oh ! spare this remembrance  
 Of so excellent a person,  
 Erected,  
 A poor testimony of affection,  
 by his mourning son  
 THOMAS MATTHEWSON.

This pious work took him up four days,  
 and having finished it, they began to march  
 homeward, where they arrived in six days  
 more, with all their prisoners..

The *Indians* being dismissed with the accustomed presents, and carrying their prisoners with them, whom they afterwards burnt, as is their practice; *Tom* retired into one of his houses, and would see no company: he sincerely regretted the loss of a man to whom he had been so much obliged, nor did the splendid fortune to which he succeeded, at all alleviate his sorrows: for some time, even that perpetual guest, his dear *Fanny*, was banished from his thoughts. At length he resolved to go to *Virginia*, to take possession of his patron's effects, and to carry his *French* prisoners with him, whom he had treated with the utmost humanity; from thence to return, dispose of his goods, and break up his stores, for he could no longer endure the country, and thence to travel to *Maryland*, to make his dear friends partakers of his fortune, and see the jewel of his soul, the uncertainty of whose situation was worse than death. This resolution formed, he began to prepare for its execution, and, in the time that took up, frequently dined with his prisoners, one of whom, the others treated with great deference and respect, which made him curious to know his quality, which they as studiously concealed; imagining he would demand a ransom for him. He was about his own age, and, through an overwhelming sorrow and a sordid dress, shone

forth such traits of dignity and beauty, as visibly testified his superiority to the rest of his companions. When they heard he intended to carry them to *Virginia*, they were greatly terrified, particularly this youth, who, one morning, desiring a private audience of the Captain, addressed him thus : Your amiable behaviour, ever since the fatal day I fell into your hands, tells me, you have a soul superior to any thing mean and fordid, your compassionate disposition convinces me you are a friend to mankind, and particularly under the pressure, the anguish of misfortune. You killed my father, but you killed him honourably, and I am obliged not to hate you : you saw him destroy the dearest friend you had. I am the son of the Marquis *du Cayle*, governor of *Moville*, and commander of the party you vanquished. I had a tender passion for a lady of my own age, at *Quebec*, whom I left, forced by my duty, some months ago, ready to be forced to a match that would undo her, and make me eternally miserable. If you carry me to *Virginia*, you rob us both of life, for in that case it will be impossible to fly to her succour in time—and perhaps, even now, the news of my death has broke her heart, or rendered her an easier prey to the designs of our enemies. Ah Sir, if you ever loved, you'll pity me ! name my ransom, I'll give



you my parole of honour to remit it to you, and let me, alone and unarmed as I am, return to *Canada*; and your generosity will call down the blessings of heaven upon your head. Circumstances so similar to his own, moved the young Captain extremely, it brought his dear *Fanny's* sufferings at once into his mind, nor could he refrain tears; and after some minutes pause, folding his arms about him, he replied, Chevalier, I sympathize in your distress! I myself, at this instant, feel all the weight of your calamity, by sad and woeful experience; if we entered the territories of your *Indians*, it was in return for the like insult, and for very unwarantable depredations and excesses—you lost a father—I lost a father and a friend. Let us remember these things no more—The two governments are not concerned in this affair—go—I give you your liberty, and that of your companions, without ransom, and will furnish you with arms to defend, and provisions to subsist yourselves in your tedious march.—Go—and may you reap all your wishes—Let my generosity make you a friend to any *English* subject you may see a captive with your nation. Never was seen a more sudden transition from grief to joy, than that of this young *Frenchman*, he, over and over, embraced his deliverer and friend, as he called him, promised to hold his kindness in ever-

lasting remembrance, and to relieve and comfort every *Englishman* he ever saw in distress. It was two days before he departed with his fellow prisoners, plentifully furnished with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and attended by a friendly *Indian*, to see them safe to *Menville*, and in that time they contracted an intimate friendship with each other, and parted with promises of mutual remembrance.

And now our young hero, having left all his concerns in the *Indian* country in the hands of his remaining faithful servants, till his return, set out with two attendants for *Williamsburgh*, and made such expedition, that he arrived there in less than fifteen days, and immediately repaired to the merchant's, where one of the copies of his patron's will was deposited. Already the joyful news of the late victory had reached them, and the melancholy death of the Captain, so that he was consoled with on his arrival by the governor and all the principal inhabitants, who vied which should shew him the greatest honour and respect. Having administered to the will, he found himself, after paying all the debts upon the estate, and the few legacies specified in the will, master of nine thousand pounds sterling in ready money, and by computation

near one thousand pounds worth of goods, besides book debts to a considerable amount. The merchant who was his patron's principal banker and cashier, now received every thing in the name of *Thomas Matthewson*, and gave security for the monies in his hand: *Tom* gave mourning to all the deceased's friends, with rings, in token of remembrance, and put himself into the same livery, and what opened every body's mouth in his praise was, his clearing the prison of unfortunate debtors, and bestowing benefactions upon many poor families; and, as his friend the merchant was upon marrying his daughter, he, in the politest manner, made the bride a present of five hundred pounds: Every tongue spoke his praises, and he was carressed by all ranks of people; and, as he declared his intention of quitting the trade; many of the best matches were offered him, which he courteously declined, by letting them know he had determined first to visit his native country, for so he called *Maryland*. Before he set out on his return to the *Indian* nations, he wrote to Mrs *Barlow*, his dear *Fanny* and all his friends, acquainting them with his adventures and good fortune, and promising speedily to visit them, enclosing the letters in a packet to the good Mr *Ferguson*; he also sent some rich presents to them all, by the same sloop, and

particularly a gold repeating watch to his *Fanny*; but still remained in the utmost terror and apprehension at the alteration so many years absence might have occasioned, by death, or what was worse, the odious match with *Carter*.

These affairs transacted, he bid adieu to all friends, and set out, on his return to a last view of the dusky race amongst whom he had conversed. He arrived safely after a month's journey, for it was now winter, and the rivers were much swelled, at his stores, and found every thing in good and thriving condition; but terrible apprehensions of a visit from the *French*. After taking a survey of his whole stock, he called to him the three men who had been in the principal trust under his late patron, and the rest of the servants, and spoke to them as follows: My friends and companions, you have lost an excellent master as well as myself, and I think you ought to lose nothing by his death—I have sufficient without following trade, and shall therefore resign all my interest in it to you three, whom I know he intended, had he lived, to provide for. I have therefore brought this instrument, by which I give you, in equal proportions, all my right and title to the stores, horses, store-houses, and every thing that belongs to me, by his

devise, in this country, which, upon an exact computation, I think will amount to near three hundred and fifty pounds a-piece; I would have you, with this beginning, which is superior to your late master's, trade in joint stock, and I have secured you such credit in *Virginia*, that you may have one thousand pounds worth of goods at any warning. God bless you with it, and prosper you! As to you, gentlemen, turning to the others, you have most of you some years to come of the time you were indented for—this I discharge you from and set you free, and to every man will give twenty pounds to engage his remembrance of our good departed benefactor. The *Negroes* also I set at liberty, and desire you three gentlemen will take them into your service, at proper wages. To attempt to describe the expressive gratitude these worthy creatures shewed in word and gesture, upon this generosity of their master, would surpass the power of language. All were transported—every one was happy! And now having disposed of all his concerns, he went round to take leave of his *Indian* friends, and particularly took a tour of near one hundred miles to see his old and brave companion in war *Calcatbouy*. Here he diverted himself for some few days, in hunting deer and buffaloes, in the manner of the people, with whose customs he

was as familiar as our own. One day, being out with a very small party of only six *Indians*, besides himself and the chief, they laid them down to take some refreshment under the shade of a cypress grove, which on one side was obscured from view by a rising hillock, and on the other, by the surrounding woods; and whilst they were regaling, upon cold venison which they had brought with them, on a sudden, from behind, a volley of small shot was fired amongst them, by which three of the *Indians*, and the great *Calcatbony* were shot dead, and the other three desperately wounded, and *Tom* had one corner of his hat shot away; he was going to take up his piece to defend himself, but it was too late; for he found himself in an instant surrounded by enemy *Indians*, who butchered his surviving companions, scalped them before his face, and then stripping him to the skin, made him march before them at a great rate, till they imagined themselves out of danger of pursuit; and then setting him in the midst, they made a ring, and danced the war dance. *Tom* was always endowed with an extraordinary presence of mind, and was pleased to discover that, by their dialect, these were not of the same nation with those he had used so roughly, in the late engagement; but a party of the *Ocuni*, in alliance with

the *French*, who he understood meant only to convey him to *Moville*, to get the usual present. Had it been the other, he knew he must be a dead man. Thus behold a reverse of fortune—he, who but a small space of time before, was happy, and employed in making others so, is now striped naked, bound with thongs, and a spectacle of triumph and reproach to a barbarous gang of savages! He lamented his imprudence and the death of his friends; but the false step he had taken was not now to be remedied. After they had danced and sung till they were tired, they began to search the pockets of the prisoner, and to divide his garments; in one of his coat-pockets happened to be his old favourite flute. This caused a good deal of wonder amongst them, and at last they applied to the owner, by signs, to make it speak, or let them know the use of it; upon which, in the *Creek* tongue, he told them, if they'd unbind him, he would divert them with it. They shewed a pleased surprize to hear him talk a language they understood, and complied with his request. As soon as he was unbound, he played *Prince Eugene's* march, which he thought would best please these warlike people. Never was more amazement shewn than now, they made the most ridiculous gestures of astonishment, then snatched the tuneful instru-

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ment, surveyed it on all sides, attempted to blow ineffectually, and then applied to him to tell them how, particularly their chief. He shewed him how to place his lips and his tongue, and when he made it sound, he danced about in the utmost triumph. Seeing him so fond of it, he took an effectual method for his preservation and good treatment, by presenting it to him with these words—you are my friend—yes, the other returned, putting his hand upon his head; and you shall be mine, making him at the same time, a present of a painted *Tomohawk* (or small *Indian* battle-axe.) This is so sacred a compact among the *Indians*, that it is never broken, and they think themselves obliged to protect their friend in any evil and danger. He then enquired in the *French* tongue, if he understood him, and found he talked that language very intelligibly. Hearing all this, they began to like him extremely, and let him march with them without being bound; and in this naked manner, after nine days travel, they arrived within a mile of the fort, he not having suffered the least ill usage, and eating and drinking in common with his masters. One of their number was dispatched before, to give notice of their arrival, upon which the gates of the fort were thrown open, the garrison went under arms, and they entered it with their



scalps displayed, and their prisoner in the center, chanting the dreadful notes of the war-hoop, whilst the cannon on the ravelin were fired, and the garrison made three discharges to do them the more honour. The Governor was seated ready to receive them, and, after thanking them for their services, and applauding their bravery, the usual presents were brought out and distributed, and then they presented their prisoner; the chief telling him, he talked his own language as well as theirs. This *Frenchman* was a man of humanity, and ordered one of his domestics to fetch a coat, which after Tom had put on, he began to question him, as to his profession, and how he came amongst the *Indians*. My lord, he replied, I am an *Englishman*, and curiosity brought me from *Virginia*, to see the customs of our *Indians*; we had been innocently hunting upon our own territories, when these savages treacherously fired upon us, destroyed my companions, and brought me here, to experience the polite usage of your generous nation, with whom I think our crown is in perfect peace and amity. Sir, he returned, I pity your condition—you may depend upon good treatment whilst you are here—but I have orders to send all prisoners taken by the *Indians*, to *Quebec*, to which place you will depart in a few days, with an escort of my

garrison; and if no more appearance of ill is visible, you will be returned to *Virginia* in safety. He then rose up, and taking *Tom* by the hand, led him to his apartment—ordered wine, and some cold provisions, desiring him to eat and forget his mishap, thank God he was got so well out of their hands, and told him he seemed so much of a gentleman, that he should lodge and eat at table with him, during his stay, and had liberty to walk about the fort upon his parole. The worthy creature made all the acknowledgments he was capable of, in words, for this goodness, and making a virtue of necessity, assumed a pleasing air, conversed with freedom, and so as to gain intirely the goodwill of his host, the Baron *Detonville*; but as to the going abroad, he did not embrace that offer, fearing to be known by some of the *Indians*, and betrayed to be the conqueror of *M. du Cayle*. The next day his benefactor supplied him with a complete suit of rich cloaths, with all appurtenances of dress; and when the escort was ready, he set out, after they had exchanged mutual promises of friendship. They were three weeks in the journey to *Canada*, partly by land, and partly upon the navigable lakes; which the enterprising *French* had every where made to communicate with each other, and, considering the country, he endured as few

hardships as could be expected; but the increasing distance between him and his lovely *Fanny*, caused him cruel inquietudes, and had he not had the comfort of knowing, that before this time she must have heard from him, would have produced all the consequences of despair. With wonder and astonishment he frequently ran over the occurrences of his past life, and in humble and pious ejaculations adored and praised that almighty Being, who had protected him through so many dangers and difficulties; and still continued to watch over his steps: He was perfectly astonished when he entered *Quebec*, to see so populous and sumptuous a city, far surpassing any thing he had seen before in *America*, and silently said to himself—Ah! this settlement will be a perpetual and terrible thorn in our sides in this part of the world. The Governor received him with a great deal of distinction, as well on account of his easy and polite behaviour, and from a letter he had received recommending him to his favour from *Detonville*, as the report his conductors made of his carriage in the late tour from *Moville*. He answered his interrogatories with all the prudence he was able; but being pressed very close, could not be so disingenuous as to deny that he had been concerned in the *Indian* trade for some years, saying his name

was *Banlow* : For he had the mortification to hear, on every hand, the consternation the late defeat and death of *Cayle* had occasioned, and threats of vengeance against the young *Matthewson*, whenever they got him in their power. After his examination was finished, the Governor said—I am extremely sorry, Sir, for you really have already gained my good opinion, that I cannot set you at liberty; but so many insults have been committed by the gentlemen in the trade, on your side, that upon the report thereof, the king my master has ordered all prisoners taken on his territories, (for the *Indians* have made it appear you were without the *English* limits,) should be sent to *France*. The *Flora* man of war is now ready to sail—I will recommend you to the Captain, and, though a prisoner, I'm sure you'll be considered merely as a passenger, and enjoy liberty all the voyage—and thus much farther I will do—you may have any money advanced you, upon drawing bills on your agent in *Virginia*, and what letters you think proper to confide with me, I assure you, upon my honour, shall go there by the first conveyance, unopened. Though the thoughts of so tedious an absence from *Maryland* gave him inexpressible pangs, he was obliged to dissemble, and thank his Excellency for his goodness, and acquiesce, with a good grace,

and he desired the advancement of a hundred livres to fit himself for the passage, and bills for a thousand more on *France*, which was immediately complied with, and thereupon he drew upon his agent in *Virginia* for the like sum sterling, and as much more to defray his charges of drawing, signing his bills *Thomas Barlow*; but in the letter he wrote, he, after giving a long account of his misfortune and treatment, and the sending him to *France*, explained the reason of his alteration of name, and desired due honour might be paid to his bills notwithstanding; and also gave orders to him to remit to his correspondent at *London* a thousand pounds, with orders to him to lodge a letter of credit with *Mr. Alexander*, banker at *Paris*, for the like sum on his arrival, to whom he was recommended by the Governor. As the Governor had given his honour, he without any scruple wrote all that his mind dictated, and indeed found that he was really the man he pretended to be. He was so careased by the principal people in *Quebec*, that he was obliged, though under great terror, to be more public than at *Moville*, but never enquired after the *Chevalier Cayle*, whom he had used to generously, for fear of making a discovery that would be fatal to him. In three weeks he was out of all his pain, however, by going on board the man

of war, after waiting upon the Governor and his friends to pay his compliments of departure; and the next day she sailed down the river of *St Laurence* to proceed on her voyage. The Governor, strictly just to his promises, had so recommended him, that the Chevalier *D'Aville*, commander of the ship, and all his officers treated him with the utmost respect and distinction, and in a few days began to bless themselves at having so agreeable a companion; for, though sadly uneasy in his mind, he put on the gayest and most placid air and mien in the world, in return for the kind usage he met with. The *Flora* had orders to touch at *Martinico*, on which account she shaped her course for the *West Indies*, and after three weeks blustering voyage, came into the lat. 35. and long. 80. 2 being abreast of the great *Bahama bank*, where the commander had instructions to look into the neighbouring keys, after an *English* sloop and a *French* brig who had lately turned pirates, and infested the trade in the gulf of *Florida* and to *Cuba*, *Hispaniola* and *Jamaica*, and had been also very troublesome to the *Leeward* islands. But the time was arrived when the villains should pay for all their mischiefs and cruelties; for as they were standing under a very easy sail, the long boat which had been detached to *Cat* and *Watling's* islands, and the adjacent

coves, was seen rowing towards the ship with the utmost expedition, upon which the Captain ordered the sails to be backed, and in less than an hour she got on board, with intelligence that the ships they were in search of, lay in *Exuma* sound, and that one of them was upon the careen. The whole ship's crew gave a great shout at this intelligence, but as the *Flora* (which was a frigate of thirty-four guns,) could not venture in, a consultation was held; at the conclusion of which, the long boat, yawl and pinnace; were ordered to be well manned, and the former had two 3 pounders clapped into her bow, and their crews being furnished with small arms and ten rounds of powder and ball each man, they were thought capable of taking the pyrates. Our young adventurer was present at all these consultations, and two of the Lieutenants being ill, and the vessel coming out without either Ensigns or Cadets, a person properly qualified seemed wanting to command the yawl. After a modest introduction, in which he mentioned his being a prisoner, he wished he might be permitted to shew his gratitude, by accompanying them, as the punishing such pests of society was the common business of every nation upon earth. My dear friend, the Captain replied, I'll venture to trust you with the vacant command—its true you are

under a kind of restraint; but your offence is not known, and I fancy you are only sent to *France* by way of form, and merely in obedience to the letter of the Governor's instructions, though, had the spirit of them been considered, I believe we should not have been honoured with your company. Tom made his acknowledgments, and immediately entered upon his command, and all three stood away for the sound, under an easy sail. The first Lieutenant commanded the long boat as Commodore, and the Master the pinnace. It had been agreed, as it was imagined, and as it proved, the pirates had not seen the long boat, that that and the yawl should lay the sloop on board her quarters, and enter her at once, and that the pinnace should attack the brig which was upon the careen, by landing her men, and taking possession of all the men and arms ashore, and then righting the ship, to get her off. They fortunately, it being very hazy weather, and the dusk of the evening, and as they did not row but sail, got up within two boats length before they were discovered, and the strange confusion it put the wretches in, was evidenced by the oaths, execrations and curses that resounded on every side; and as they suspected no danger their guns were unshotted, their sails unbent, and they had nothing to oppose with but



small arms and desperation. The Lieutenant and *Tom* soon got on board, after exchanging a few shot, by which they received no damage, and whilst the former secured all upon the main deck, which, seeing themselves overpowered, they suffered without much resistance, though most of them drunk; the latter made his way, pistol in hand, to the round house, which he found barricaded suddenly against him, and several random shots were fired through the loop holes; but being now joined by the Lieutenant with such of his party as were not on guard, they pointed the three pounders against the barricado, which had such success, that, in less than twenty minutes, those within called for quarters. The two commanders entered sword in hand and pistols cocked, and found the pirate Captain, Mate, Quarter Master, and eight more, who surrendered prisoners of war, and were conducted to their fellows who were tied, and under guard in the fore-castle and the Captain's cabin. Mean time a gun was fired from the other ship, which was the signal agreed upon, when she was taken, at which the men on board the sloop gave a loud huzza and were answered by those on board the brig, who could plainly hear each other. But the master had had pretty warm work of it, having three men killed and four wounded before he got pos-

session, and ten of the *French* pyrates were slain. On board the sloop only two of the *Flora's* crew were wounded, and two of the pyrates, and one killed. Thus, by the drunkenness, want of order and confusion of the villains, a cheap and easy conquest was gained, and prisoners made of thirty-seven *English* and eighteen *French*, besides the two Captains. By the time the whole was atchieved the next morning dawned, and the *Flora* came to an anchor close upon the north breakers at the mouth of the sound, and *Tom* had the honour to carry to the Captain the first news of their victory, as a token of his satisfaction with which, he presented him with the gold hilted sword from his side, and tenderly embraced him. Three days were taken up in classing and examining the prisoners, who were then brought on board the *Flora* and put in irons, to receive their due deserts at *Martinico*. The sloop mounted 10 six-pounders, and the brig 6 four-pounders besides swivels, and had been in concert many months. A great quantity of money and goods was found on board, to the joy of the captors, who were like to be well paid for the service they had done to mankind. *Tom* was an interpreter for the *English* prisoners, who were last examined, and the third man that came into the cabin, namely the pyrate Quarter Mas-

ter, he was at once struck with the sight of, and was inly sure he had seen him somewhere before, but, judge his situation, when upon asking him his name he said *John Williamson*. At that well known name, and well remembered, and once dreaded voice he fell some paces back, to the admiration of all present, and falling on his knees, cried, Oh God! ever just and good, I thank thee, that I behold and am rendered an instrument in punishing the greatest villain breathing! The prisoner, without knowing why, trembled every joint at these words, whilst *Tom* begging the Captain's patience for some moments, though he could scarce hold himself still—made shift to put the following questions to him—Was you ever at *Bristol*? Yes Sir. Did you not command a vessel called the *Anne* of that port, in the year 1697 or thereabout, and after slaving on the coast of *Guinea*, dispose of your cargo at *Sene-puxon* in *Maryland*? Yes, he answered, without the least hesitation, though much startled at being so well known. Pray Sir, did you know one *Barlow* a planter there, and did you not sell an innocent child to him, that you stole from his parents in *London*? At this question the blood forsook his cheeks, and had the guard not supported him, he would have fallen upon the cabin floor—he made no reply, but hanging down his head continued silent.

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But the question being repeated, again and again, he at length answered furily—you have taken me—I know I'm a dead man—I'll answer no more questions; nor would break his obstinate silence, but was obliged to be carried to his confinement untractable. After the whole were examined, and the Captain, first Lieutenant, and *Tom* alone, he told them so much of his own adventures as related to this villain, but prudently stopped there, not at all accounting for his present condition, so that they imagined he had again found his parents. Their resentment at so base, so wicked an action, carried them out into exclamations against the villain; and the Captain added—how just is providence—who has permitted you to see the miserable death of your persecutor! I am convinced that, in crimes of an enormous nature, heaven most commonly punishes the criminal even in this life. And now having properly manned the two pyrate vessels, they stood on their course, and without any other interruption safely arrived in fourteen days more at *St Pierre* in *Martinico*, where the prisoners were put on shore; and in ten days after, all but fourteen, who appeared to be forced, were condemned at a court of admiralty. Only two days intervening between the passing sentence and the execution of it; *Tom* visited once more the villain

*Williamson*, to see if haply he knew any thing of his parents. He now found him lamenting the errors of his life—resigned to his fate, but full of terror and apprehension of futurity. The minute he entered the dungeon where he was chained—he cried, thank God, Sir, you are come—I acknowledge I am the wretch you suspected me to be—that helpless innocent has weighed my guilty soul down to hell, ever since, and I have never had a moment's rest—Oh! the tears standing in his eyes, all over convulsed,—how can I expect pardon of God that had no mercy upon an infant! If it is in the power of that infant to speak peace to you in your departing moments, *Tom* replied, I freely forgive you—though you made me miserable—I am that child—preserved through all the evils you exposed me to—and to merit pardon of heaven, you ought to disclose what you know farther of my parents or my name, or any thing you know relating to me.—For some minutes he kept wildly gazing at him, without reply—at length, his very irons ratling with the convulsive starts of his body—he roared out, oh! I feel the pains of hell already! I am damned for ever!—Oh! would to God the minute I first saw you had been my last—that face of thine will hurl me to destruction! Then recovering himself a little, oh! I never knew nor

heard of your parents—I took you from *Lincoln's-inn fields*—as to be sure *Barlow* has told you, and when I had told you I was too wicked to trouble my head about you again—but the righteous God has cursed me ever since—twice I was ship-wrecked—totally ruined—at last turned pyrate, and you'll have the pleasure to see me hang'd—damnation! do you want more satisfaction—then know I shall be damn'd eternally—I feel hell flames already. Thus the wretch went on, and though the good youth endeavoured to calm his mind and bring him again back to the good disposition he seemed to shew at his entrance, it was all in vain, he continued to curse, swear and blaspheme, and even to wish he could finish all his crimes by dashing his brains out, and was so outrageous that he concluded the sight of him and the sense of his complicated crimes had turned his brains. At the gallows he would say nothing, but died with execrations in his mouth—a just example of the righteous vengeance of heaven!

These things made *Tam* very melancholy, he lamented that a fellow creature should launch so desperately into eternity, and now concluded the recovery of his parents quite impossible and impracticable. However, he would often say to himself, wheresoever you

are, ye authors of my being, if grief for my loss did not instantly destroy you, may heaven calm your sorrows, and help you to forget your son—a son that will continue to behave so in this life—as to entitle him to the knowledge of you—if souls hereafter know each other—in a better and happier state! These thoughts, together with his distance from his charming *Fanny*, and his uncertainty with regard to her and his friends in *Maryland*, insensibly threw him into a deep melancholy, and it required all his art to support the weight of conversation, which now was more than ever courted, as his strange story had spread about the island, where the ship staid near two months, in which time he received the greatest honours and civilities from the Governor, and all the principal inhabitants. At last they set sail, and arrived safely at *Brest*, on *December* the 11th, in the year 1721, and he again set foot upon *European* ground, after an absence of twenty-four years. The Chevalier *d'Aville* immediately sent the Governor of *Canada's* packet to court, together with an account of his prisoner's noble behaviour on board, and requested orders in what manner to act to him, and advised *Tom* to employ a solicitor there, who might, for an handsome present, solicit in his favour with his Majesty, and named to him, for that purpose, a certain *Abbe*

who had much the ear of the minister. He told this good friend he would be ruled in all things by him, and accordingly having changed his bill of a thousand livres, *D'Aville* dispatched a trusty agent to the *Abbe* with a state of the case, and a present of a bill for three hundred livres. In short this was the right way of going to work, for, in a fortnight's time, a letter arrived to the Captain from the Intendant of the Marine, to let his prisoner have his freedom, and this favour, without further trouble, was owing as well to the report of the Governor of *Canada* and Captain *D'Aville* as to the intercession of the *Abbe*. And now being once more his own master, he was prevailed upon to take a tour with *D'Aville* to *Paris*, charmed at every step with this new appearance of things, fine churches, stately palaces, populous towns and cities, splendid equipages, and the hurry and bustle of commerce, to all which he had hitherto been a stranger, but he soon became acquainted with men and things, and as he had never seen *England* since his infancy, and spoke *French* so perfectly, and had been so long used to their manners, he appeared in every thing like a native of the country, and was generally taken for one. He waited upon *Alexander* the banker, the day after his arrival, and, to his great joy, found a letter from his agent in *Virginia*, another



from the agent's correspondent in *London*, inviting him to *England*, and the bill of credit he had ordered, which had lain near six weeks at *Paris*. His friend's letter gave him an account of his having paid his draughts from *Quebec*, and receiving his long letter safe and unopened, the contents of which he hoped he had complied with to his satisfaction. He lamented his misfortunes, but advised him to comfort himself under them, and promised to be a faithful steward in his absence, wishing him all the pleasures that *Europe* could afford; but what interested him above all was, that he acquainted him, soon after the receipt of his letter one Mr *Ferguson*, from *Senepuxon*, had been to enquire after his welfare, and that when he heard he was a prisoner with the *French*, he was greatly affected; but rejoiced to hear he was in health, and that he left a letter with him, which he sent by another vessel with a duplicate of his own. This advice called all his tenderness up into his eyes, and he resolved very soon to go to *England* and take passage for *Maryland*, his ever beloved *Maryland*. His chagrin at not receiving this letter of his kind tutor's, which would have eased all his uncertainties, was inexpressible—but it could not be, for in a letter from the merchant in *London*, he understood afterwards, that the ship it was sent by was burnt

accidentally at sea, few of the men escaping with their lives. Though the situation of his mind disposed him more to retirement than company, he could not decline attending the generous Captain of the *Flora*, who led him to court, to all the public places and curiosities about *Paris*, and was never tired of doing him good offices; but he being at length obliged to attend his duty at *Brest*, *Tom* once again was left to himself, to brood over his melancholy ideas. He would have fastened a very genteel present upon him, in return for his noble treatment in the passage and since; but he would not hear of it, saying, you gave up your share of the prizes to us, and that was enough, you ought to have had a thousand livres, and they parted promising to preserve each other in memory. And now as *D'Aville* was gone, and with him the servant that used to attend them both, he retired to the house of a widow gentlewoman in the *quartier de Louvre*, there to board, for he had a natural antipathy to entertaining a *French* servant. Here he employed himself in acquiring a knowledge of the *French* literati, and in making a collection of the best books in that tongue, with the pompous *Dauphin* editions of the classics, all which he sent to the merchant in *London*, from whence he proposed to carry his whole purchases of that sort as a library for himself

and his friends in *Maryland*, where no such treasure had ever before been seen. One day as he was curiously viewing the labours of the great *Blondel* over the gate of *St Anthony*, a coach with a gentleman and two ladies passed him, and on a sudden he heard the gentleman order the driver to stop, of which he took little notice, still continuing to look at the devices over the middle postern of the gate; but he was soon awakened from his reverie by a strenuous embrace, and these words—I were the most ungenerous wretch breathing could I forget my dear deliverer Captain *Matthewson*! The sound of this name, which he had so long studiously concealed, made him tremble; but when he had looked at the person who pronounced it, the joy of his heart was visible in his eyes, and, returning his embrace, he replied,—and I should be very unhappy had I not endeavoured to deserve the friendship and remembrance of my dear Chevalier *Du Cayle*, for that young nobleman it really was. So unusual a sight in that quarter of the town, where the people are naturally curious, drew a great many gazers about them, seeing which *Du Cayle* taking him by the hand, and leading him to the coach said, Come Sir, let me entreat you to accompany me to my *Hotel*, in this coach is a lady that has the greatest obligations to you, as well

as myself. It was no time to refuse this favour, and therefore saluting the ladies with his usual grace, and begging pardon for crowding them, he got in, and in a little time alighted with them at a superb house in the *place du Dauphine*. As soon as they had entered a magnificent apartment, the Chevalier turning round to the eldest of the ladies, who seemed to be about twenty-five, said, See, madam, the author of all our happiness in the generous, the brave, the humane Captain *Matthewson*; upon which he advanced to salute her, and afterwards the other lady, who both, particularly, expressed their pleasure in seeing him, and the eldest said, turning to *du Cayle*, Well, my Lord, this indeed is a happy moment—I have now my wish, which was, once at least in my life, to see a man to whom I am so much indebted. To these compliments he replied with his usual complacency and politeness, and in short they all seemed charmed with their guest. After they had reposed themselves, *Du Cayle* asked him what fortunate adventure brought him to *Paris*, upon which he gave them a detail of his misfortunes and transactions since, in a manner so engaging as finished the conquest of the ladies hearts in his favour. *Du Cayle* sympathized with him in his late distresses, congratulated him on his safe arrival, and concluded with in-

sitting upon his taking up his residence with him, during the rest of his stay at *Paris*. This request was backed by the two ladies, one the wife and the youngest her sister, and that very night, bidding adieu to the widow lady's, he removed to his new apartment, which was one of the most superb in the house, and where he was treated with the distinction of a prince.

The next morning, after breakfast, *Du Cayle* carried him into his closet whilst the ladies were dressing, and afresh embracing him, told him he retired on purpose to acquaint him with his adventures, from the time he so generously set him at liberty till now, and without staying for an answer pursued his discourse as follows: Full of gratitude, Sir, at your noble treatment of me and my companions, we got safely to *Moville* and from thence I hastened to *Quebec*, and had I staid a day longer from thence I had been undone. You must know, the lady who is now my wife, and the other, her sister, were the daughters of the late Governor of *Canada*, who at his decease left them sixty thousand livres each, in the hands of his brother, who is Superintendant of the Customs in that province. This uncle had formed a design of marrying them both, to his two sons their first cousins, men every

way disagreeable, and both of them much superior in age; but before the death of her father, my addresses proved acceptable, and my family and expectations rendered me a very powerful rival. In short, we had agreed to steal a marriage, as we were both at age, when unfortunately orders came for me to join the detachment of the regiment, in which I was an officer, instantly, at *Moville*, where my father, as you know, commanded, which orders cruel honour obliged me instantly to obey; and we parted after shedding a flood of tears on both sides; before I got to *Moville* I was overtaken by a trusty servant, who conjured me to be speedy in my return, for that their uncle was using some very unwarrantable means to force his nieces to marry in my absence. I was distracted at this intelligence; but what could I do? Love, though all powerful, was no excuse for deserting my post with infamy, and disobeying the orders of a father. Therefore I sent a letter by him, wherein I promised to be at *Quebec* the minute our expedition was over, and in the mean time prescribed some rules to her, that I imagined would delay matters till my arrival. The rest, till the time of my return again to *Quebec* you know already. When I arrived in town with my trusty companions, to lose no time I sent privately to know how matters

flood at the Superintendant's, and was soon informed that by repeated acts of tyranny and cruelty, and, at length, by the news of the death of me and my father, which he industriously propagated, he had prevailed upon them to give their hands to his sons. I knew he had no other coercive power over them than what he had obtained by his relationship and his terrors; and that with regard to the article of marriage when at age, as my wife was, he had no manner of right to controul their inclinations, their father's will leaving them free in their choice. I therefore immediately waited on the Governor, pleaded my services and the misfortunes of my family, made him my friend, and he immediately sent for the young ladies and their guardian, who were all differently affected at the sight of me, and my wife fainted away with joy and surprize. His Excellency then asked them if they approved of marrying their cousins, to which, emboldened by my presence, they both answered no; he then asked my wife if she chose for an husband the Marquis *Du Cayle*, to which she replied with remarkable spirit—yes my Lord, and no one else. Upon this he sent for his chaplain and we were married in his presence, the uncle flinging away in anger and disgust. The Governor then permitted the youngest to choose another guar-

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dian, and she nominated me, and in a week afterwards both their fortunes were paid into my hands. The death of my father made my return to *France* necessary to take care of our paternal estate : This was the reason of my so suddenly quitting *Canada*, with my spouse and sister ; and the large possessions of an uncle having devolved upon me since, I have no further temptation to rambling, but intend in my native country to enjoy the sweets of ease, love and friendship. If any thing could add to the relish of my present enjoyments, it is the wish'd for, unexpected sight of a gentleman, who is the author of all my felicity ; we talked of you almost every day, with grateful remembrance, and my spouse even longed to see you, and providence at length, in this unexpected manner, has granted our desires. And now, my dear friend, I shall have it in my power to repay your invaluable favours in the manner my heart dictates, and, but that I remember you informed me your affections were engaged, would court you to a nearer alliance with me by a marriage with my sister, who you may perceive has wit and beauty, and whose fortune is not contemptible. At this conclusion, they again embraced each other, and Captain *Matthewson* made the warmest return for his kind and unmerited offer ; but let him so much into his story



as to convince him he could not accept of it. He said however the handsomest things imaginable of the young lady, and they vowed an eternal friendship for each other. It was very opportunely that the Marquis came to this explanation; for his sister's repose began to receive some disturbance from the soft impressions, the merit and beauty of *Matthewson* had made upon her heart; but when her brother let her into his engagements, she strove betimes to overcome a passion that could not possibly meet with any return from the object of it. Whilst he staid with *du Cayle*, who with his wife and sister did every thing to make his abode agreeable, he was informed that a ship was ready to sail from *Marseilles* to *Quebec*; this intelligence brought to his remembrance the favours he had received from the Baron *Detonville* at *Moville*, and the good Governor at *Quebec*, and he besought his friend and his lady to assist him in preparing magnificent presents for the former, and a token of his gratitude to the latter, of such things as would prove agreeable and useful from *Europe*, which he put on board the vessel with a letter to each, expressing his acknowledgments for their favours, and begging to have advice of their health and welfare, directed to his agent in *Virginia*. And now he thought it high time to think of visiting his native country, of

which though he had no remembrance, and to which though he thought he had no tie, yet a longing that it not to be expressed dwelt upon him, to set his foot on *English* ground—a longing not dictated so much by curiosity; as by a certain stimulus that he could not account for, so true is what is said by *Ovid*,

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos  
Ducit, et immemores non finit esse sui.*

And having taken leave of all his friends, for that purpose, and parted with *du Caille*, his wife and sister, who accompanied him to *Calais*, and shed tears at his departure, and forced upon him some presents of great price as tokens of remembrance; he embarked in the packet, and after a smooth passage landed safely at *Dover*. The minute he got to a private apartment at his inn, he prostrated himself and returned thanks to God, that had so miraculously preserved him hitherto, for all his mercies, and once more besought him, if it was his blessed will, that he might find out his parents. When all his baggage, which was now grown very considerable, was landed, he ordered it to be sent to *London*, directing it to his friend's agent, whom he advised of his arrival, by the waggons which set out that very day, keeping only

one change of linen and a riding frock richly laced for his present use; and after he had seen all that was worth beholding in *Dover*, *Deal* and their neighbourhood, set out himself, with hired horses and a guide, for that famous metropolis. He found himself quite revived with the sight and enjoyment of *England*, charmed to the highest degree with her verdant plains, fruitful fields, rising hills, and all the beauteous prospects they afforded him. The people too were more to his genius and liking than the *French*, so that had his *Fanny* been with him, he would have tasted the highest satisfaction; but her distance, and the pain he was under about her, lay too heavy upon his mind to permit any untainted enjoyment. He was now thirty-one years of age, and perhaps as handsome a man as ever was seen, and his countenance had natively such a mingled dignity and sweet humanity, that it was impossible to look without loving him at first sight. As he visited every remarkable place, and often made excursions out of the road, for twenty or thirty miles, to gratify his curiosity, his guide being a very intelligent clever fellow, it was near ten days before he got to *London*, where he put up at the *Talbot* inn in west *Smithfield* for the first night, and the next morning having discharged his horses and his guide, with suit.

able acknowledgments beside his hire, he took a hackney coach, and ordered it to drive to *Abchurch lane*, where the merchant resided to whose care he had been so much obliged; and who had been so punctual and diligent in his affairs, whilst he remained in *France*. The house was a very grand one, to which you entered by a large pair of gates, and went through a court yard, surrounded on every side with warehouses. His fine person and gay appearance, soon brought out a clerk from the compting house, without his giving farther notice of his arrival, whom he asked if the gentleman was within, and bid him tell him one *Matthewson* would be glad to speak with him. At the mention of his name the clerk bowed low, and said he was, and conducted him into a back parlour whilst he dispatched a footman to his master with intelligence of his guest. Ten minutes brought down stairs a fine looking man, seemingly about fifty, who approached him, welcomed him to town, and to every thing his house afforded, and seemed so taken with the young gentleman, that he could hardly remove his eyes from him; *Matthewson* on his side also felt a wonderful inclination to his host — nay even some tender emotions of pleasure that were near shewing themselves at his eyes.

After the first questions were over, he besought him to walk up into the dining room, where sat his lady, who seemed nearly of his own age, and who was as much struck with the sight of our adventurer as her husband, and as to *Tom*, he approached her with more reverential awe than ever he had a woman before. Breakfast was served up, and the lady, who as well as her husband was of a very melancholy cast of temper and seldom smiled, seeming as though they laboured under some distress of mind, told him, she hoped he would oblige them by accepting an apartment in their house, where he should receive all the attendance of the nearest relation, and that, though herself and her spouse did not take much pleasure in any thing this life could afford, they had relations and friends that were nearly of his own age, and would be proud of attending him to view the curiosities of the town. *Tom* returned her his thanks, was pleased with their conversation, which he enjoyed for the remainder of the day, and in the evening was shewn to an apartment that declared the opulence of its master, where he found all his baggage safe, and retired to rest with a mind full of the various and uncommon adventures of his life, and dwelling upon the idea of his lovely long lost *Fanny*.

The next day his kind host and hostess introduced their chief clerk to his acquaintance, who was a near relation, of a genteel carriage and person, and a generous and obliging turn of mind, and, in a little time, they conceived a perfect friendship for each other. Under his guidance he visited every part of the city and suburbs, with its curiosities and entertainments of so many various kinds, and the adjacent country and villages, which for their pleasing situation surpass any thing in *Europe*, so near a great and opulent city. In this manner several weeks passed away, and though *Tom*'s disposition was very melancholy, yet he could not omit to gratify his researches into every thing remarkable, and, as the theatres furnished him with the most rational amusement, he frequently spent his evenings there. Meantime he daily more and more ingratiated himself with the family, and conceived such an affection for the merchant and his lady, that he whiled away his hours of retirement in their company, and they, who had no children, began to love him with the fondness even of parents. In the neighbourhood he never heard of any distress but he was ready to relieve it, contributed to the public charities with munificence, and bestowed his alms largely on the poor confined debtors in our prisons, a race of men, he would

often say, much more to be pitied than the sordid mendicants that so croud our streets and avenues. One night, as his friend and he were coming through *Lincoln's inn Fields*, a place he always took in his way when he went to the other end of the town, and in passing through which he often vented many a mournful sigh, just beneath *Lincoln's inn* wall they heard the clashing of swords, and three or four repeated blows, and at the same time the cry of murder!—murder! from a man's voice. The brave *Matthewson* and his friend, without hesitation, drew their swords, and hastening to the spot, found a gentleman-like man upon the ground, and heard the ruffians, who had attacked him, running away at their seasonable approach. His sword hilt was in his hand, which, insensible as he was, he grasped with great force, and the blade lay shattered in several pieces beside him, his hat and wig was gone; but as they could discover no blood, they apprehended he was only stunned and not wounded. So indeed it fortunately proved, for, having raised him up between them, and endeavouring to convey him to some tavern in *Holborn*, he came so far to himself as by several indications to discover that he was about recovering his senses. With some difficulty at length they got him into the nearest tavern, and sending

for a surgeon he took some blood from his arm, which soon brought him to the perfect use of his reason. He then informed the company, in broken *English*, that he was a *French* gentleman, but a week before arrived in *England*, and that returning to his lodging in *Bloomsbury*, he had been attacked by four ruffians, who he believed intended to take his life as well as his purse ; that he had defended himself till they had broke his sword by their bludgeons, and was knocked down, and supposed, to the two worthy gentlemen that brought him there, he was obliged for his life ; and then returned them his thanks in the most grateful and polite manner. Whilst he was talking thus, *Tom* eyed him with a very visible surprize and amazement, he ran him over from head to heel, and, at length advancing suddenly to him, and flinging his arms about his neck, he cried in *French*,—thank God ! that has made me thus an instrument in preserving the life of a dear and valued friend ! Ah Captain *D'Aville* is it you, to whom I have so many obligations ? 'Twas indeed that gentleman himself, who raising himself, with the utmost astonishment in his countenance, said—I am indeed *D'Aville*—that happy *D'Aville* who has thought of nothing but his excellent *Matthewson* since he has been in this town !—Happy ! happy event ! the



bleſſing of life is endeared by the hand that beſtowed it. Their behaviour was ſo tenderly moving that it drew tears from the eyes of the ſpectators,—they went into a private room, Mr *Perkins*, the name of *Tom's* new friend, was introduced to the Captain, who again and again repeated his acknowledgments, and he yielded to their entreaties of going home with them to *Abchurch lane*, where he was received by the family with the ſincereſt teſtimonies of reſpect, on account of their eſteemed gueſt.

When they retired to reſt, *Matthewſon* once more expreſſed to *D'Aville* the joy he felt in beholding him, and having ſeemed to wonder at his being in *England*, the generous *Frenchman* gratified his curioſity by the following relation.

*The Adventures of* JAQUES AUGUSTIN  
D'AVILLE.

YOU will no doubt be ſurprized, when I acquaint you that neceſſity, and not curioſity, my dear friend, brought me into this country; but to make the matter plainer to you, I will begin my ſtory from my very birth.

I was the son of the *Sieur D'Aville*, intendant of *Normandy*, and was born at *Rouen*, in the year 1684. My father was rich, in great authority, and my mother was one of the best families in *France*, and, as I was an only child, I was bred up in all the splendor and elegance that high birth and great fortune could bestow. At a proper age I was sent to the university of *Aix* in *Province*, went through my studies with applause, which were directed, by my father's order, to the civil law, and I complied with his injunctions in that particular, though mathematics was my favourite science, and a desire of wandering at sea, the longing of my soul. At twenty-two I became an advocate of parliament in my native city, but still the wrangling of the bar was my utter aversion, and what encreased it, was the arguments of my uncle the famous Count *Forbin*, whose merit and success at sea has been applauded all over the maritime world. I short, I ventured to tell my father and mother, that I resolved to quit the law for arms, and besought him to use his interest to get me promotion in his Majesty's marine. Long they combated my inclination, with all the arguments in their power, but finding it ineffectual, at length they permitted me to go a voluntier; and, during the late war, I acted with such success, that I, in a

few years, was promoted to the command of a ship of the first rate, and have ever since dedicated myself to the service of my king and country in various parts of the globe. My mother died in two years after I went first to sea, and though by her death I came to the immediate possession of an estate of five hundred livres *per annum*; yet I found myself involved in numberless difficulties by her loss, which I mourned with sincere grief. My father, whose birth was not very elevated, was naturally of a sordid covetous temper; but his love and esteem for my mother had kept it within tolerable bounds hitherto; it now soon began, after her decease, to flame out, and one of the first instances I perceived of it, was as odd an one as ever I believe was heard of. When the funeral was over, and matters a little settled, he called me one day into his office, and said—*Jaques!* this little thing you possess, by your mother's death, I fear will make you extravagant—Come, come, I know the management of money better than you—Your pay, and my house and table are sufficient for the subsistence of a young man—Here, I'll buy it of you—here's one thousand livres for your immediate use—its time enough at my death for you to be burdened with the charge of money.—I was quite astonished at his mean proposal; but

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I loved him, and imagined I should never want whilst he lived; and that I should enjoy his whole immense fortune at his death, and therefore, without hesitation, took the money, signed the instruments, which depending upon my compliance, he had got ready, to make my right over to him, and he received it with as much avidity as if it had been saved from the fire, and the next day borrowed five hundred of my thousand livres, which I could never get again from that time to the hour of his death. Thus my father cunningly choused his child, laughing in his sleeve at my folly, and yet he loved me—I was his only son and heir—had been guilty of few extravagancies or follies, and was esteemed by all that knew me. Can there be a meaner or more degrading vice than avarice, which deadens and destroys all the tender ties of nature, and deforms the best and most valuable properties? My father was no bad man; but his passion after money—his desire of beholding heaps of gold that he had not the heart to touch, obliterated his good qualities, made him unnatural, brutish, and cruel, and commit follies that he did not live to atone for. Madame *Humieres* was the widow of the president of that name, and was possessed, by his death, of one hundred and fifty thousand livres; and though she was only forty,

and my father near seventy, he resolved to make himself miserable for the few remaining days of his life, by marrying her; in order to which he tempted her with a jointure of more than double what she could expect from any match in the province. Here he caught a *Tartar*, however—the lady was as cunning as he was, and full as covetous, and contracted the obligation with him, in hopes of being the longest liver, which was the very motive he went upon himself, and explained to me, to make me easy under the match. I was cut to the quick at this instance of dotage, and saw, with a grief equal to despair, that I was likely to lose all my father's possessions, which, except a thousand livres a year of paternal estate, was all subject to his arbitrary devise. But I was afraid to remonstrate—I was wholly in his power, and therefore assisted at the wedding with a tolerable good grace. As my father had an only son, so this second wife had an only daughter, who was some years younger than me, of a charming temper and beautiful as an angel. Her the old gentleman formed a scheme for me to marry, and so become a joint possessor of both their fortunes. This indeed would have been a real happiness, if it could have been brought about, and the lovely *Janette*, which was her name, soon made a deep impression upon

my heart, and felt for me a sincere and mutual passion. In short, in a few weeks, I began to bless a match which was likely to make me the happiest man in the universe, when a baleful cloud overshadowed my reviving prospects, and plunged me into many subsequent misfortunes, which yet I have not been able to weather. The first blow we received was a separation; for my mother had entertained such thoughts as made her look upon her growing love with dislike, and therefore, poor *Jannette* was sent as a pensioner to a nunnery, to which I was obliged to accompany her, by the orders of our mother and our father, who was become the dupe and slave of his wife, and fearful to oppose her will, and we took leave of each other, shedding unfeigned tears on both sides. At first I imagined this was solely intended for her further improvement in her education; but I soon was convinced that my mother-in-law had looked upon me with amorous eyes, and she tempted me, by the most lucrative offers, and the most enticing arts, to satisfy her incestuous passion. I must own I was quite astonished at her behaviour and her declarations, and at first endeavoured to recall her to reason by the mildest and most forcibly prevailing arguments; but it was all in vain, and, in short,

I was so pestered with her continued solicitations and entreaties, that I made her several rough returns, and at length determined intirely to quit the house ; for which purpose I applied for a ship at court, and obtained the command of the *Argonaute*, bound to her station at *Guadaloupe*, after having lived on shore near two years. My father, who did not love to see me out of the way of getting money, applauded my resolution ; but his wife was filled with rage and fury ; and, after upbraiding me in the coarsest terms, for my insensibility, as she styled it, she told me I should repent my usage of her all the days of my life, adding, as to your favourite, your *Fannette*, you shall never see her more—had you complied with my desires, perhaps it would have been the best step you could take to her possession. I was so stunned with this wicked speech, that I remained unable to reply, and quitted the house, after taking leave of my poor deluded father, with horror and detestation, but I found one part of her menace immediately fulfilled, for going to the nunnery to take leave of my fair, I found strict orders were given, that we should not see each other, nor could I any way get a letter conveyed to her, so that I departed to *Rochfort*, where my ship lay, like one unblest, and sailed in a few days for my station, un-

der the greatest torture of mind imaginable. Three years I remained in *America*, and though there I had several advantageous proposals of marriage made me, I could by no means obliterate the remembrance of the lovely cause of all my pains and sollicitudes, nor did my father, in the two or three letters I received from him, during my absence, ever condescend to answer any enquiries I made after her, which I supposed was owing to the instructions of his precious wife. No wonder then, that I longed to return to *Europe*, and that I received the orders for that purpose, as a mandate sent from heaven for my relief. We arrived safe at *Brest*, and as soon as my ship was got into the dock to receive the necessary repairs, I procured a leave of absence from court, to return to my native province. My father who was alive, but very feeble, I found still the same avaricious man; and he received me so coldly, that I soon discovered his weakness had been imposed upon to my prejudice. I was at no manner of loss for the source of it, and in the first motions of my resentment was going to declare all that had passed between my mother-in-law and me, to him, but recollecting how much it might hasten the few remaining sands of his life, my pity towards him obliged me to desist. It was not long before an old servant, that



loved the memory of my mother, let me still further into the cause of this unusual strangeness, by convincing me that his new mistress had played her cards so well, as to cajole him to cut me off entirely of his personal estate, and to make her his sole executrix and residuary legatee. As to her, she used me hardly with common civility, and whenever she met me, which she seldom did, it was with the eyes of a fury. The unhappy *Jannette* I found had been removed from the nunnery and was conveyed, nobody could tell me how or where, by her mother's orders, who still gave me some speaking hints, that she would be reconciled to me upon the same abominable conditions, I had so many years ago refused and shuddered at. With regard then to the affairs of my family and my love, I found myself very miserable, and imagining a woman of so lascivious a constitution, that could tempt a son to commit incest with her, was hardly likely to confine herself to the arms of an old man, I set all my wits to work to find out some of her secret intrigues, in order to undeceive him in his opinion of her virtue; nor was it long before that all-powerful solicitor, gold, prevailed with one of her maids to betray to me an amour she had with a Lieutenant of one of the *Irish* regiments quartered in our city, who, at a cer-

tain hour in the night repaired to the garden gate, where he was let in by his mistress, and, in an adjoining summer-house, gratified her libidinous inclination. To two or three of these meetings I was an eye witness, concealed from their view by a grove of trees at some small distance, and in the first sallies of my fury, was going precipitately to discover myself and to make him pay for the dishonour he did my father; but cooler thoughts came to my aid, and I now no longer wondered at the cruelty she was guilty of to her daughter; for where such passions reign in a woman's soul, such inordinate desires, all natural affection flies before them. I now, one morning, desired the old gentleman to take a turn in the garden, before madam was up, laid open what she had so long ago proposed to me, the injury he had done me through her means, in its proper colours, and promised to make him an eye-witness to her adulteress infidelity. He was ready to drop at this recital, and told me, sternly, if I did not satisfy him that very night, that my suspicions were true, he would not only disinheret me, but never suffer me again to set foot in his house. Well, Sir, I replied, I accept your condition with all my heart. The night came, but, as ill fortune would have it, neither of them appeared, which I was afterwards in-

formed was owing to the double dealing of the aforesaid maid, to whom having imparted my design, she sold the secret again to her mistress, at a larger price than I had given her for her's, without bringing herself at all into the scrape, saying, I had found the matter out accidentally, and that she overheard me and my father talking of the design. My confusion was extreme, after keeping the old gentleman up, most part of the night, to find myself disappointed, and the consequence was, that he looked upon it as a villainous scheme of mine, to set him at variance with his wife, for my own purposes; and, in short, forbid me ever again entering his doors. I immediately left the house, with sorrow and indignation, and became so sick of my native country that I exchanged commands with the Captain of the *Flora*, in order to banish myself at as great a distance as possible from it, and had been four years out when you arrived with me at *Brest* from *Canada*. I had determined not to go to *Normandy* again, and when I left you at *Paris*, to repair to my ship, resolved to accept the first command, of again leaving the nation, but an accident prevented me, providentially, from the execution of it. As I was again ordered for *Canada* I had directions to take on board some families that were going there to settle, with

their servants, and as they came upon deck, surveying them, one by one, who should I discover amongst them, to her great confusion, but the quondam maid, that after betraying her mistress, had also betrayed my design upon her, and disappointed my revenge. I had prudence enough to conceal my knowledge of her in public, and at night sending for her to my cabin, she fell on her knees, owned her baseness, and full of fear and trembling told me if I would pardon her, she could do me infinite service. I did not suffer her to go on, but with precipitancy, asked if my father was alive. No, Sir, she replied, he has been dead a year and more, and your mother-in-law is not only in possession of all his personal estate; but, for want of your appearance, of the real one that belongs to you. I could not help shedding tears at the news of my father's decease, notwithstanding his unkindness, and, after some pause, asked her what service she proposed to do me; to atone for her faults. Sir, she replied again, I can help you to news of madam *Jannette*, to the possession of your father's whole fortune, and to the punishment of his murderers, for he died, indeed, by poison. I shuddered at this last expression—it was not strange I had never heard of my father's death, as in a moody melancholy manner, I studiously

avoided all enquiry, and as I presume the letters my relations in *Normandy* sent me, on the occasion, miscarried, through my so often shifting my cruizes from one part of *America* to the other, which was my enduement for exchanging into the *Flora*. Never was astonishment greater than mine, when this creature told me he was poisoned by his wife, at the instigation of her *Irish* paramour, who was now in garrison at *Douay*, where my mother intended to follow him soon, and get him to throw up his commission, and return with her to *Normandy*. That having been her accessory in the fact, with a man servant that was now her husband; she had given them two thousand livres, on condition they went and settled at *Canada*, where he had some relations. She added, that she had never been at rest since the fatal deed, and believed, with her spouse, that their coming on board my ship, was by the direction of heaven, in order to discover the murder: that they were ready to become evidences against my mother-in-law, if I would pardon them, and that *Janette* was confined in an *Ursuline* nunnery, at *Caen*, where she was used with great severity to make her take the veil. You need not doubt my taking her at her word—I burned to revenge my father's death, and, sending for the man, promised them both

my pardon, and to intercede for the king's, and, over and above, a great reward. They then informed me, that they had, by her order, put *arsenic* into his wine, for two nights successively; but it was not in sufficient quantity to take effect; and that, thereupon, their mistress had trebled the dose, and at the same time, in the night, run a bodkin through his ear, whilst he slept, which at once dispatched him, and that he was buried privately the next day, under the notion of having died of an apoplectic fit, which the good character she had maintained, and her known fondness for my father, with the grief she shewed at his death rendered not at all suspected. Good God! how just thou art! The inordinate desire of wealth, caused my father to marry this devil in human shape, and the crime he committed was his punishment! I immediately wrote to the Intendant of the Marine to resign my command, which being easily granted to my long and faithful services, with my evidences, who were really penitent for their misdeeds, I set out for *Rowen*, and being arrived, repaired to a friend's house whom I could trust, who had been my fellow student at the university, and was then first counsellor of the *Chatelet*; by his advice the next day, I appeared and claimed my patrimony, which the widow imme-

diately surrendered, and then we had her secured upon a *criminal process*. When she was given to understand her crime was known, she shewed the utmost dismay; but when the evidences against her were named, she fainted away and soon prevented a public execution by poisoning herself in prison. Such was the exit of this unfortunate wretch; but as she had been my father's wife, and was the mother of my *Fannette*, I gave her a funeral suitable to her rank, had she trod the paths of virtue. By a sentence of the great chamber, myself and *Fannette* were declared joint heirs to near eight hundred thousand livres, and the lovely maid being absent, I took upon me the management of both our concerns, till I could go to *Cuen*, which I did, in a few days, and found her true, constant, and still mourning like myself our forced absence of such a number of years from each other. We both deplored the fate of our parents, but could not help acknowledging the hand of divine justice in their fall. We were married, and began to live in the utmost happiness, when *O'Shean*, the *Irish* Lieutenant, came to *Rouen*, not knowing of the fate of my mother-in-law. It had not been thought proper to bring him to the bar of justice, as no overt act could possibly be proved against him; but as I knew him to be one cause of the calamities

of our family, and every body else thought the same, I sought him out, and, in a private rencounter, killed him. The edict against duelling being very severe, I was obliged to fly, and being a distant relation to our ambassador in *England*, chose this for my place of residence; until I can obtain leave to return again into *France*, which will not I hope be long, as my two evidences, whom I procured pardon for, are ready to testify the occasion, the just occasion of our quarrel, which will be included in a memorial to the king; but happy beyond expression I am, here to have met with so dear a friend, who has seldom been out of my thoughts, since I parted with him. Here the Captain ceased his melancholy relation, and was sympathized with by *Tom* in the most cordial and engaging manner, and, to repay the good natured and friendly freedom he displayed in relating his story, he, in his turn, let him into the knowledge of all the accidents of his life, at which he expressed an amazement beyond bounds, and sincerely congratulated him upon his present situation, and hoped he would find his *Fanny* alive, and ready to reward his matchless fidelity. And now the Captain, *Mr Perkins* and *Tom* became inseperable, the former, at their desire, removing to lodge with them at the merchant's, where he was treat-



ed agreeably to his worth and fortune, and, they once more to oblige him, went over all the public and private places of resort, curiosity and entertainment. In a month however, they were forced to separate, for *D'Aville* at the instances of his great relations, and upon a true state of the case, having obtained his king's pardon, took a tender adieu of his new friends, and after bestowing very extraordinary marks of his bounty upon his servants, embarked on board a vessel, in the port of *London*, bound for *Dieppe*, and once more returned to enjoy uninterrupted delight with his faithful *Jannette*, and soon after was created a Marquis, in consideration of his great riches, and extraordinary merit, and had had the cross of the order of *St Lewis* bestowed upon him by his sovereign. This late intercourse with *D'Aville* had made *Tom* very conversant at the *French* ambassador's, where he and *Mr Perkins* continued to be highly caressed; that nobleman being quite taken with their society; and you may judge of *Tom's* agreeable astonishment, when one day, entering his apartment, he beheld his old friend *M. du Cayle*, his wife and lovely sister, who had just arrived from *France*, to take a tour through *England*. *Cayle* expressed his joy in the most lively terms, and the ladies cried the little sickness of their late

voyage was all forgot in the sight of Captain *Matthewson*. He introduced Mr *Perkins* to them as his valued friend, and they received him with their usual politeness, and promised, the next day, to take a dinner with them, at the merchant's, where now *Tom* took all the liberties of a son, and they began really to love him as if he stood in that tender relation to them; so that the next day a very superb entertainment was provided, and the invited guests, together with the *French* ambassador and his lady, were treated with the munificence of a prince. *Perkins*, who was not much unlike *Matthewson*, at the second sight of Madame *du Cayle's* sister, received impressions that disturbed his repose, and that young lady, struck with his personal perfections and his merit, after a few weeks courtship, with the entire consent of her brother-in-law and sister, became, to the great delight of *Tom* and all parties, the wife of the young merchant. A fortnight after the Marquis and his lady again embarked for *France*, having been in most of the principal cities and towns in *England*, and, at their arrival, remitted their sister's fortune to Mr *Perkins*, who, being taken up in the delightful enjoyment of his new situation, once more left his friend some leisure, to indulge the melancholy of his soul, and to ruminate over his distance from:

his charming *Fanny*: Often would he sigh and say to himself, oh! my beloved creature! how ignorant I am of what passes at this awful distance; perhaps, ere now, the austerity of a father has broke thy heart!—perhaps, alas! an unwilling victim, thou art sacrificed to the loathsome embraces of the odious *Carter*, in either of which cases misery is included, and certain death to me. Often he would with longing heart think of his beloved *Maryland*, his innocent *Senepuxon*,

*Where jocund damsels, with their well  
pleas'd mates,*

*Pass the delicious moments; void of care,  
And only study how to laugh and love,  
Contented, happy, under Calvert's sway.*

and say, why do I loiter?—why have new friendships and new connexions delayed me from the sight of all that can constitute my happiness, that to me is valuable in this world? Ah! I'll fly to your arms, my dear mother! my excellent *Fanny*! my esteemed and valued friends! and no more be separated from your embraces! oh! how many years absence have I endured!!

These thoughts inspired him with an immediate desire to take his leave of his *Eng-*

lish friends. The merchant and his wife were now his only society, and the melancholy that seemed to cloud all their enjoyments, flattered his own disposition. As yet, they had never ventured to ask him, even what countryman he was, nor any of the events of his life, and he, with equal gentility and distance, refrained enquiring into the misfortune that seemed to hang so heavy on their minds; but one evening, as they were sitting together, and the discourse rolled upon their friends in *Virginia*; she asked him, after begging his pardon for her freedom, if he was born there: No, madam, he replied—I was born in *London*; but left it very young. In *Maryland* I was brought up, and since that my life has been that of a wanderer, exposed to various and great misfortunes! Perhaps greater than any other person ever experienced! somewhat, he could not tell what, prompted him to this freedom; in short, he had such a liking and esteem for the persons he was talking to, that he thought they had a sort of right to his secrets! Ah, Sir, the lady returned, the tears standing in her eyes—no condition is exempt from troubles—I have had my share of them too—Ay, but the husband put in—That so young a man should be exposed to the ills of life—is my wonder, especially blessed as Captain *Matthewson* is, with the

goods of fortune. If the goods of fortune, Sir, she returned to her husband, could exempt us from misery, you and I never had occasion to mourn—here the gentleman put in, with a forced smile, saying, come my dear, we must endeavour to forget our griefs—its rude to entertain a gentleman in this manner—mirth and jollity and the gratification of his curiosity, are what he should always be treated with, who has come so far to revisit *England*. Oh, Sir, *Tom* returned,—to a man like me, who soon after his birth struggled with adversity, and has continued to do so almost ever since, and who has two dreadful worms gnawing at his heart, every moment he lives, mirth and jollity have ever been disagreeable—'tis true I seek the gratification of my curiosity and the improvement of my mind thereby, in my travels, because I think it becomes a rational creature so to do, that he may be of more extensive service to that part of mankind, amongst whom at last he takes up his abode. Otherwise constant gloom and melancholy—best befits a man (here the tears filled his eyes) a wretch who is even now ignorant of his parents—was robbed—cruelly separated from them, and all their tenderneſſes, before he could ever know them!—At these words, which he could not help uttering with unaffected passion—the lady, starting

wildly in her chair, cried out—the tears trickling down her cheeks, and almost devouring him with her eyes—Robbed of your parents, Sir, did you say—oh where!—can you tell where they dwelt—gracious heavens!—what do I hear!—Oh, madam, he returned—whilst they both looked like pictures of wonder—all that I know is from the report of a villain, who since has met his punishment—he vauntingly in his cups, told another—and confirmed it to me since, before his death, that he took me from *Lincoln's Inn fields*—at this word the lady fell back in her chair, and fainted away, with a deep sigh, but he had not time to run to her assistance, for the merchant springing to him and flinging his arms about him—cried oh! my son! my son! and fell senseless upon the floor. Poor Tom could scarce support himself—in the present whirl of his ideas—joy, astonishment, tenderness, grief, at the condition of these two persons, whom yet he hardly dared to think were allied to him—caused nameless emotions in his bosom, and at last, unable to support sense any longer, he fell into the same state, and with his fall gave so loud a stroke to the wainscot, that the servants came running up to see what was the matter. Their amazement may easily be guessed when they saw their master, mistress and their visitor in this condition—

but they were soon acquainted with the occasion, for the merchant coming first to himself—tenderly endeavoured to recover his wife, and then ran to *Tom*, using the endearing epithet of son, so often, that as they knew the misfortune of the family, they were sensible of the happy alteration of things. The lady at length opened her eyes, when both ran wildly and eagerly to *Tom*; who was now seated and surrounded by the domestics, endeavouring to recal him to life; but when they saw the blood trickle down his comely face, caused by the blow in his fall, they were near giving up the ghost in earnest. The affectionate youth was long before he opened his eyes, and his bosom being unbuttoned to give him air, the distracted mother cried—oh! I forgot—one thing more, and I am happy—and bareing his breast, discovered the plain mark of a grape upon his left collar bone—at which she afresh exclaimed—oh merciful heaven!—'tis he—'tis my dear long lost *Tommy*. The overjoyed father—was meantime so oppressed with the goodness of providence, that he was fallen upon his knees at the other end of the room and striving to calm his tumultuous joy by prayer and thanksgiving. At length the young gentleman revived, and throwing his eyes around, cried faintly—Oh—where—where are they?

Here the raptured lady replied—here, thou cause of all our sorrows—thou dearest sufferer—but we'll make thee amends for all thy distresses! At these words he disengaged himself from the hands of those who had supported him, and running to her, fell on his knees, crying, oh happiness!—I feel—madam, you are—you are my mother!—Never was joy so complete, she raised him up with a world of tenderness, and the father now coming forward, they almost devoured him with alternate embraces, which he returned with eagerness, but humble reverence. In short, for some time—it was all a fond extravagance of passion—a madness of delight on all sides. The servants soon spread the news throughout the house, business was at an end, and they divided themselves into parties, to discourse of this wonderful event. Joy and rapture filled every heart—for the good superiors were intimately beloved by all about them. It was the next day before they could be calm and temperate enough to ask one another many questions; but at length they desired their recovered son, the only one they ever had, to recapitulate his adventures in the presence of Mr *Perkins*, who was his first cousin, and his lady, which as he did, their hearts and eyes accompanied the mournful tale; now they are lavish in their praises and protesta-



tions of friendship and eternal esteem, for Mrs *Barlow*, *Fanny*, Mr and Mrs *Ferguson*, Mr *Gordon*, and the memory of Captain *Matthewson*, and anon raving against the villains *Williamson* and *Barlow*, the fate of the former of which they heard even without the least compassion. When he had done, they, in their turn, related the sorrow, terror and fear Mr *Anderson*, for that was the name of his father, was under after he returned to the gate and found his son lost; he roved about in search of him all night; like a madman; and when Mrs *Anderson* came to know of the accident she fell ill and continued so a long time: They had been at some hundred pounds expence in advertising and sending to all parts of the three kingdoms, to no purpose; but for some years they had resigned themselves to the disposal of providence, still worn away with inward grief, which had at last worked this miracle in their favour. They further informed him that his father had for some time resolved to quit business, and for that purpose had lately purchased an estate in *Yorkshire*, their native county, of 700 pounds a year, to which, and near 20,000 pounds in the funds, he was sole and universal heir. That having few relations, and those rich, if they had never been so happy to recover him, they had intended, after the decease

of the longest liver, to have left their fortune towards a provision for exposed and deserted young children. They mutually joined in returning thanks to God for his wonderful loving-kindness towards them, the father saying, he had met with even a greater mercy than *Jacob* did, in having his son *Joseph* restored to him. All their relations, friends and acquaintance crowded to congratulate them, upon such an unexpected event, and all admired the person, behaviour and abilities of young Mr. *Anderson*, whose parents every hour surveyed him with an encrease of tenderness, and could scarce bear him out of their sight, and he, for some weeks, thought of nothing but how to render himself agreeable to them. His dear *Fanny*, absence from whom was now the only care or concern he had, at length again resumed her empire in his heart, and he found he must see her or die. One morning then being retired with these indulgent parents, he bespoke them thus : Dear Sir, dear Madam, I have one only favour to beg of you—I am supremely happy in you, in every thing, providence has left me no wish to make with regard to fortune; but with regard to my mental enjoyment it can never be perfect unless I go to *Maryland* and fetch my adorable *Fanny* to your arms. Oh! do not deny your consent—the lovely mourn-

er is wretched——if alas ! she lives, till my arrival. I shall then settle all my affairs there and in *Virginia*, and never leave you more. Ah son, his father replied——must we again lose you then——yes——we must consent——your happiness is ours——and we long to embrace this amiable maid, and to call her daughter——and may that God—who has been so kind to us in every circumstance——protect and send you back to our arms, with your *Fanny*, and as many of your friends as choose to live in *England* !——One of my own vessels is now ready to sail——of her you shall have the disposal——and in *Virginia* you may finish my affairs as well as your own with Mr *McKenzie* (for that was the name of the young gentleman's faithful agent who had dealt with his father many years.) He was all gratitude at the ready compliance, and was soon ready to embark, with a large quantity of the richest presents *London* could furnish for his *Fanny* and his friends, and the library of books he had purchased in *France* and *England*, which he intended as a present for Mr *Gordon* and Mr *Ferguson*. His father sent a diamond ring of great value to his intended daughter-in-law, and Mrs *Anderson* a fine snuff-box of mother-of-pearl set in gold and adorned with jewels, and some of the richest silks to her, and Mrs *Barlow* and Mrs *Ferguson*. And now, after

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a tender adieu, the father and mother, having quite quitted business to Mr *Perkins*, who was their nephew, and was charmed with this event, retired into *Yorkshire* to their estate; and favourable winds and smooth seas brought their son in safety within sight of the well known shores of *Maryland*. As *Senepuxon* inlet was but shallow, he advised the Captain to stand into the great bay of *Chesapeake*, and cast anchor close to the eastern shore in *Magidi* bay; which they did accordingly, and they both, procuring horses, set out, richly dressed, and attended by two servants in livery, for *Senepuxon*. They made such expedition, that in less than two days they traversed the two *Virginian* counties of *Northampton* and *Acomoco*, and entered *Worcester* county in *Tom's* beloved *Maryland*: And now being less than forty miles from the spot, where he was either going to complete his felicity or to be rendered eternally miserable, a gloomy melancholy overwhelmed him—he longed, yet feared to approach his *Senepuxon*, lest he should hear some fatal tidings of his *Fanny* that might destroy his peace; but he was soon put out of his pain, for seeing a man riding towards them, as he came nearer and nearer, he recollected somewhat in his features that he thought he had seen before; but how overjoyed was he, when coming close to him

he knew it to be the identical *Duncan Murray*, who had been his fellow servant at *Barlow's* remote plantation. That honest fellow was some time before he could be convinced it was *Tom* himself; but when he was thoroughly assured of it, he broke out into rapture—which however the other would not suffer him to indulge—he put at once so many questions to him. A faithful lover may guess his situation, when he was answered that his dear *Fanny* was alive, and single, as also Mrs *Barlow*; but that *Barlow* was dead, and his wife had disposed of all his possessions, and lived retiredly with her daughter at Mr *Gordon's*; that *Ferguson* and his wife were also alive, and that they had been in daily expectation a long time of his return to *Maryland*. My friend, says Mr *Anderson*, we'll waste time no longer; but you have made me so happy, that it would be the height of ingratitude not to repay you, and so saying he put five guineas into his hand, and ordered him to call at Mr *Ferguson's* the first opportunity——Sir, says he—I live with that gentleman now, and am going upon his business. I am glad of it, the other returned—then I shall see you again without difficulty, and so they parted. The tone of Mr *Anderson's* voice, the turn of his countenance seemed elevated upon this intelligence, and, clapping the Captain

on the shoulder, he said, Now Sir, you'll have a better companion of me—I shall trouble you with sighs and tears and melancholy no more—the lovely *Fanny's* mine! Wings now seem'd added to their speed, and in less than four hours they came within sight of Mr *Ferguson's*; for there *Tom* first proposed to alight, for fear of too much surprizing the two ladies. But his precaution was rendered abortive, for they happened to be that day there, and were at supper in a kind of alcove at the upper end of a long walk, on one side of the house, from whence they could see whoever entered it without being perceived themselves, and were then expressing their wishes for his speedy and safe arrival. Just at that moment the two gentlemen and their servants entered the walk, alighted and left their horses to go round to the house by another way, whilst they went up this well known shady grove. The appearance of two such fine folks attracted all their regards—but *Fanny* could not be long ignorant who one of them was—no, that constant fair, as he approached nearer, perceived the air, gait and features of a man she had ever before her eyes, and the surprize at so unexpected a sight, threw her into such an extacy of joy, that she fell senseless into her mother's arms, who then cried out—oh! it is my dear son!

Just at that instant the two gentlemen got sight of the company, all of whom were known to one of them, upon which springing forwards, with an eager pace, he was in a minute in the alcove, and soon seeing the reason of the disorder they were in, cried oh ! my dear friends, let me warm her into life,—look up my queen !—my lovely *Fanny* !—my wife !—by what tender name shall your faithful slave conjure you to hear him ?—and, taking her in his arms, by his warm pressure soon restored her to herself. Simple language is quite too low and faint to describe the mutual raptures and delight of all present. In short, nothing was to be heard for some time, but exclamations of excellent mother !—best of friends !—charming *Fanny* !—dear son !—worthiest youth !—and such expressions as sudden joy dictated to them all. *Fanny's* eyes ran over her accomplished lover with an eager and wild transport—*Tom* gazed upon the beauties of his *Fanny* with a soul full of love and desire. At length he was composed enough to present his friend to them, whom they received with the utmost politeness, and all being seated, and supper over, of which the new comers partook, Mr *Anderson*, at their earnest request, immediately related his adventures to that moment, from the time he left them. They were seized with awe at the

exemplary punishment of *Williamson* ; but when he came to the discovery of his parents, there was not a dry eye in the company, and every one congratulated his good fortune. *Fanny* wept during the whole narration, at the conclusion of which her lover thus addressed her. At length, my love, you see at your feet (kneeling) the man that heaven intends to bless you ; no more the fordid, despised, persecuted slave, but the heir to a splendid fortune, and the possessor of sufficient wealth of his own to make you happy.—Nothing remains but your hand, to make me the most easy, contented creature breathing—say, my lovely fair !—are you still as well inclined as ever in my favour ! I see, both looking at Mrs *Barlow*, our mother yields her consent, and intends to recompence me for all my pains and sufferings. The adorable creature, blushing like the morn, held out her hand, saying, —yes—my dear *Tommy*, suffer me still to call you by that endearing name, my whole soul—my heart and every thing is your's, if my mother consents to our mutual desires. Yes, my love, that excellent woman replied —and may heaven bless and prosper you together, and on the day of your marriage, according to the will of your poor unhappy father, I will pay my son 8000*l*. Ah, madam, he returned, you are ever good and



beneficent—my late master I feared to mention, for I heard he was dead before I arrived—because it might revive your sorrows—but I long ago forgave him all that he acted against me. Mr *Ferguson* and his wife and the good Mr *Gordon* joined the conversation, and the next day se'ennight was appointed for the latter to perform the matrimonial ceremony that should unite the amiable pair for ever.

When the twilight grey had embrowned the dusky shades, Mr *Anderson* taking his *Fanny* by the hand, (after the tenderest endearments,) walked for some time in a neighbouring grove, and, being impatient to hear it, whilst the nightingale was pouring out her mournful notes, besought her to acquaint him with all that had happened for the many years of his absence, which she did in the following terms.

After we received your letters by our good Mr *Ferguson*, from the plantation, I began to be somewhat easier in my mind, for my fears and cares about the welfare of my dear *Tammy* had just reduced me to death's door, and brought myself to wait with patience the dispensations of providence. Whilst we were forming schemes, and pleasing ourselves with the thought of paying you fre-

quent visits, that excellent friend calling a second time at the plantation brought us the first tidings of your being sent from thence, which again involved us in the most grievous distress; but the little note you left with *Murray*, assuring us that you imagined you had fallen into good and kind hands, I endeavoured, once more, to wait the mercies of heaven in my favour. My father, after his return from the plantation with the two *Carters*, staid for some days at their house, and there was laid a scheme, in consequence of your being sent out of the way, that tended, had not providence interposed, to complete our mutual unhappiness. The Colonel, who had observed, at his several visits to our house, the coldness of my dear mother towards him, and had been informed by my father of her aversion to the match between his son and me; began to think, that if, by any means, I could be got out of her hands, and at a distance from her, my youth and inexperience would bend to his son's assiduities, solicitations and presents, and accordingly inveigled my father into his design, of getting me to visit a niece he had, of near the same age with myself, and, when there, to keep me from returning again to my own house, till the marriage was performed. At first he seemed, hard-hearted as he was, somewhat shocked at such a

proposal; but at length the arguments of my enemy prevailed, and it was agreed to put it in execution the next week. You may remember, that I had latterly entertained a fondness for a servant-maid we had, named *Martha*, who was indented to my father, and, after you was carried away from us, that good creature shewed such a concern for your loss, such a tender care and regard of me and my mother, that she entirely engaged my love and friendship, and became the repository of all my secrets; of my passion for my *Tommy*, and my griefs and despair. My mother, who had observed somewhat mightily taking in the girl, encouraged me in my liking, and got my father to consent to her constantly attending upon me, and doing no other business; which he did, after having, with a volley of oaths and execrations, wished I had never had any communication with servants of the other sex. To this confidant I daily and nightly vented my complaints, and sighed forth all the pains that tortured my bosom; to her I ever was talking of my dear wanderer's merit and perfections of body and mind, and reiteratedly renewed every oath and vow, to be true and constant to him, even under all the cruelties my tormentors could possibly inflict; leaning pensively on her arm, I used to traverse every well-known

walk, and visit every grove and shady retreat, where, innocently, we had enjoyed each other's society; particularly, that fatal *Pine barren*, where my cruel father laid the foundation of all our succeeding misfortunes, by his fell barbarity to my dearest youth and me. This companion of mine was thought an obstruction to their project; but my father would, however, by no means hear of any attempts to separate her from me, nor to take me away, without my mother's knowledge, which they had also gone so far as to hint the expediency of doing: No, that he thought was going too far; nor could he think, brute as he appeared, that now you was removed; my mother was so dreaded an obstacle as they wanted to make her appear; but as to my visiting Miss *Betsy Oulton*, for that was the name of the Colonel's niece, for a few days, and even being detained by his own commands, and a strict watch, he had no objection: His weakness and bad principles had not been worked upon so far, as to permit them to mention half the villainy they intended; to poor forlorn *Fanny*. However, one day after we had dined, he addressed my mother in this manner. See madam, that *Frank* has her things ready to-morrow, to accompany me to the Colonel's, and *Martha* shall go with her for a few days, to visit *Bet Oulton*, she's

a girl; against whom your d—d squeamishness can have no objection I suppose, and I have been hunted a long time, to bring her over to see her; and, observing my mother turn pale and look very grave at these words, he added in his usual ill-natured manner, What, d—n it—I suppose now you think some d---’d mischief, or marriage is intended; but I tell you only a simple visit is meant, and she shall go, by G-d, that I am resolved upon. My mother replied, Well Mr *Barlow*, your will must be obeyed I think then; but she is quite a stranger to Miss *Betsy*, and besides I have heard some things of her, that make me think her no very eligible companion, for a young creature of prudence and virtue, as I am sure your daughter is: I shall however say no more—I know your positive temper—but if any harm is intended to my child, God, who sees all things, will I hope grant her his protection, and turn the machinations of our enemies upon their own heads. Alas! you have made me miserable enough already—you need not encrease my woes! At this conclusion, the tears stood in her eyes, and my foreboding fears had almost overcome me; but he deigned her no answer, and flung out of the room, cursing and swearing; and stung to the quick with her keen reproach, which he knew glanced at

you. She then endeavoured to chase away my apprehensions, saying, she could not imagine any ill was meant me, as *Martha* was suffered to accompany me, and gave her a strict charge never to be absent from the room where I was, upon any account. The night was spent by my mother and me, in conjectures of the reason of this command, and the morning found me still awake, and ruminating over all the gloomy prospects that my busy fancy set before me. At ten, after breakfast, at which my father put on a forced good humour, as it plainly appeared, he commanded us to mount the horses he had prepared for us, which, after taking a tender farewell of my mother, and tears shed on both sides, we did, and set forward on our journey; for the Colonel's was some hours ride from our house.

For a long time we rode in silence, not a word issuing from my father's mouth, and as to my part, I was too full of dismay and fear, at being obliged to enter the house of my odious enemies, which I also thought was in some small degree forfeiting my obligations to you, and breaking through the conduct I had prescribed myself; but oh! what would have availed all my reluctance, all my tears and prayers, with this tyrannical father? who at length broke out into

praises of young *Carter*, principally deduced from his wealth and the possessions he would enjoy, and finally told me, that if I would oblige him by giving my consent to marry him, he would not only forgive me all that was past, but I should have every penny of his fortune at his death; which, if I continued deaf to his entreaties, he would sooner leave to a mere stranger, than to one who had given him so much vexation. I had never before assumed courage enough to expostulate with him; but, upon this fair opening, I was resolved, let the consequence be ever so dreadful, that he should know my real sentiments, and my ultimate resolutions. My dear father, I replied, what have I done that you want to send me for ever from the arms of my mother, and from your cares! I have ever, to the best of my remembrance, behaved with duty and reverence to you, and cannot yet bear the thought of parting with my parents. Let me Sir, oh! let me still live with you, watch your desires, and obey your commands, with ready attendance, and let me not be forced to give my hand, where I can never surrender my heart. Mr *Carter*, no doubt has some good qualities; but neither his manners nor his behaviour suit with me, and it is utterly impossible I should ever love him, with the affection of a wife. Why will you

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make me miserable, my dear Sir, and why must all my future repose be sacrificed to a darling whim of other people. Believe me, Sir, so far as reason and religion obliges me, I'll ever shew you a ready obedience; but will either inform me, that I must sacrifice my present and eternal peace and happiness to gratify the vanity of one person, or the pride and way-ward inclination of another? No, my father, you are too good, and I'm sure love me too well, to insist upon this condition—I will behave with becoming decency where you have obliged me to go—but I must declare, that rather than marry *Mr Carter*, I'll go a virgin to the grave, cursed with your frowns and displeasure, and deprived of every farthing that is in your power to bestow upon me; and yet, dear Sir, oh! hear me, before you answer—here I protest and vow, that without your consent and liking, I will marry no other man breathing. The courage with which I was enabled to utter these words, the determined air I displayed, and the reasonableness of my desires and arguments, for some moments spread his face over with a paleness, that I could perceive proceeded from the passionate emotions of his mind; but he soon returned me an hundred curses, and the most bitter oaths that I should marry whether I would or no; if he was sure of my death the minute after,



and that I should never look upon my mother or home again, till he had seen it performed. In short, I never saw him in such a fury before ; he abused you, absent as you was, my mother, every body that he imagined took my part, and, if I had not been on horseback, I believe I should have felt, as well as heard his anger ; to which I made no other answer, than a torrent of tears, and reiterated sighs, which declared my terrors and apprehensions. Still I was collected within myself, and resolved firmly to abide death, nay the most excruciating tortures, rather than be in the least tittle false to you, whose image was ever before my eyes, and whose virtues and softly amiable qualities were never out of my mind ; and I silently put up my petitions to heaven, to strengthen me under the ills I now found I was destined to endure, and a calmness succeeded that I knew not how to account for, otherwise than thus : When misfortunes rise as high as they possibly can, and we have few worse consequences to expect, the soul, as it were, is tortured to such a degree, as, admitting of no increase of pain, resigns it to all that is to ensue.

In this mood we alighted at the Colonel's, who, with his son and niece, were ready to help us to dismount, and received us with

the greatest civility ; the niece, to whom I had no quarrel, and whom I did not know, seemed very fond of my company, and we spent the remainder of the day with expressive satisfaction to every person but me, being entertained with every dainty that great affluence and a plentiful table could afford ; nor had I the mortification of exchanging one word with young *Carter*, who now thinking himself sure of his prey, only viewed me, from time to time, with a look rather of insulting pride than of tenderness. At night, my father, with a forced smile, said to me, well *Fanny*, I'll leave you for a day or two, and don't doubt but Miss *Bet* will agreeably entertain you ; to which I made no other reply, than a courtsey, and by sending my duty to my dear mother, whilst the tears stood in my eyes. And thus I was now left in the custody of my deadliest foes, with no other guard but virtue and innocence, and poor *Martha*, which had all proved too weak for my protection, if heaven itself had not rescued me from their detested hands. When the two *Carters* were retired, the young lady made me an offer of part of her bed, which I handsomely declined, by saying that *Martha* always laid with me, which excuse she as handsomely accepted, and I retired to rest in a very splendid apartment, in a situation of temper

that you may easily guess, and then gave vent to my grief, in which I was accompanied, and at the same time had comfort administered me, by *Martha*; who yet had spoke in vain, if she had not represented the feasibility of an escape, if matters should be driven to an extremity. I think you never saw the Colonel's late plantation, and therefore in few words I'll describe the situation of it. The house, which was very large, was handsomely built of brick, and far superior to ours; the apartments were spacious, and set off with very grand and gay furniture; on three sides extended the cleared land, of near 500 acres, skirted by the surrounding woods, which, at such a distance, had a pleasing romantic appearance; and, behind the house, instead of clearing, they had caused the wood to be cut into an hundred mazey walks, and meandering alleys, which run back near a mile, and afforded a most charming rural retreat; diversified with groves, shades and thickets, and watered by a branch of the neighbouring river, which art had taught to murmur through every glade. At the extremity of these walks was a fine level *Savannah*, where the lowing kine and the bleating sheep, cropped the flowery herbage, and the sportive steed frisked and gamboled o'er the plain; and on the farther side of it were the

huts, a little town in extent, of near 300 *Negroes* and their families, who thence, every morning, issued to labour and tyrannic usage, in the plantations which were overlooked by the house. I was so taken up with my sorrows, that it was late before I closed my eyes, and then, fancy presented a scene that I shall never forget, to my waking soul. Forgive me, my dear *Tommy*, for laying any stress upon dreams, an opinion you have often combated with me, but it made such an impression upon me, and tended so much to support my spirits, under my following trials, that I must impart it to you. Methought I was transported into a wide, howling, savage desert, that extended farther than my aching eyes could reach; the soil was arid and sandy, and nothing green or cheering appeared about me, save here and there a weed or thistle that intruded its sun-burnt head through the scorched plain. The lamp of day shone intensely hot over my head, and rendered my situation still more wretched, as I pressed forward to a rising hill, at a great distance, which seemed crowned with lofty trees, and bespread with reviving verdure; and down whose sides flowed a thousand wanton rills, that seemed murmuringly to sport with each other, and to guggle over the shining pebbles, which appeared as radiant as the rich-

est treasures of the *Indian* mines. Methought on the summit of this delightful mount, was a gaily decorated alcove, spread with carpets of the richest workmanship; I used the utmost toil to reach its base, which at length with incredible labour I effected; but oh! the terror I was seized with, when I perceived two tremendous fierce lions, issuing from their dens at the foot of the hill, and with glaring eyes, hideous roar and eager pace, pressing forward to devour me! I turned back again towards the desert to endeavour an escape! but lo! the whole sandy waste was moving like the waves of the ocean, by the impetuous wind, and the dreadful sea rolling to overwhelm me. Thus beset, and unknowing where to fly, I turned me again to the mountain, when I perceived my *Tommy's* form, his face adorned with his usual placid smile, and found he had destroyed the two wild beasts, and was approaching to meet me. A serene satisfaction overspread my soul; he embraced me, saying, come, my lovely mourner, all your ills are now o'erpast, come and enjoy, in yonder bower, all the charms of love and friendship! Methought he then took me in his arms, and we ascended in a minute to the alcove, where my joy was so overbearing that it caused me to awake; but 'tis impossible to describe to you the salutary effect my dream had upon

me, and, having imparted it to *Martina*, we both agreed that it was a heavenly notice of relief from all my pains, and of future happiness in your arms.

Miss *Oulton* came to my apartment before I was quite dressed, enquired complaisantly how I spent the night, and said I looked better than at my arrival. I thanked her politely for her complement, and followed her down to breakfast, where the first scene that presented itself, a piece of gallantry to me I supposed, was a negroe tied up to a tree before the window, and the redoubted *Carter*, the younger, belabouring his sides with the *cowskin*, whilst his father stood by, encouraging him to lay the strokes on home, though the poor creature's blood followed every one that was struck. This was a discipline I never in my life had seen before, for, though my father perhaps used his slaves with little less cruelty, you know his executions of that sort were never performed near our house, or in our hearing; a piece of respect he had just goodness enough to pay to the humanity and sensibility of my mother and me. I own the sight, for I could not help seeing it, made me almost faint; but my tenderness was laughed at by Miss *Betsy*, who treated the matter as a joke, which gave me a high distaste to

her, for I ever considered the poor wretches as a part of my own species, and not upon the level of the brute creation, which was what she insisted upon, and therefore entitled to all the regard and indulgent kindness that their forlorn and unhappy condition called for. At length weariness caused a truce to this diabolical exercise, occasioned, as I understood afterwards, only by the fellow's having knocked down a favourite dog with his hoe, that run at him and made a wound in his arm with his teeth. At breakfast, both father and son avoided any thing that could give me dislike as to myself; but contented themselves with laughing and joking at their late exploit, numbering up the poor fellow's groans and piercing cries, with a kind of triumph, and fondling and pitying the dog that had been the cause of all this barbarity. But this was only the first essay I beheld of their skill, in such usage, and every day afterwards, that I staid, exhibited such acts of unfeeling, obdurate inhumanity to their wretched negroes, that I wonder not the judgment of heaven overtook, at length, the perpetrators of such enormous crimes. In fine, all the tortures that we have read are practised in *Barbary to Christian slaves*, all that the cruel inquisitions of *Spain or Portugal*, act in their prisons and dungeons, were outdone by these two mon-

sters, which at the same time it rendered them feared, nursed up a spirit of hatred and revenge, in the breasts of the slaves, which had hitherto only wanted opportunity to be brought fatally to light. After breakfast was over, as by design, the son was left alone with me and *Martha*, who remembering my mother's injunction, was blind to all the hints given her by Miss *Onilton* to leave the room; hints which we both plainly perceived, and which gave me to know what I had to expect from her friendship and acquaintance. *Martha* took up a book that lay in the window, and, seeming engaged with that, *Carter* drew his chair towards me, and harangued me in the following manner; but with an awkwardness of gesture, and folly of face, that had I not been concerned so nearly, would have excited laughter and derision.——Miss, he drawled out at last, after several coughs, hums and has,——how do you do to-day?—pretty well, I hope—well I hope you like our place—it's fine and pleasant isn't it—ha? I hope soon to call you mistress of just such a one—what d'ye say?—will you at last consent to have me?—pon my faith—and I'll be d---d if it aint true, I love you better than the eyes in my head—better, by G-d, than any creature alive—better than father a great deal——what d'ye say?——I see you won't speak—as soon as



we are tack'd together, d'ye see, father says we shall keep coach, and I'm sure it will be the first kept in *Worcester* county, 'pon my soul will it—then who but we—ha? what a figure you'll make at church, and I at the *Court-house*; for you must know I'm commission'd for the peace as well as father, and am a lieutenant of the militia too,—no, there's not another on this side *Anne Arundel*\* I'm quite tir'd of going like the petty planters on horseback †—Then I shall soon be chosen a *sembly* man, and may hap, be before I die, one of the Governor's *council* keepers too, and then we shall go to town and live as gay as the best of 'm—and you shall have all the finery that can be brought from *England*; and wear nothing but silks and satins, and jewels and gold and silver——egad, we'll out-do all the country, and buy out all the little folks about us——here's father has 700 negroes, besides women and children, and is worth above forty thousand pounds—all which will come to me, my girl, when he's dead, and I believe he won't live long any more than old *Barlow*,—for, by the bye, they are d---ble drinkers—that

\* *Annapolis*.

† In *Maryland* and *Virginia* they are such great horsemen, that a planter will go or send five miles to fetch his horse up, in order to ride one mile to church.

I can tell you—and he has offered me 8000*l.* down, with you, and the rest when he dies—except a small pittance for your mother—and, mind me, when they are all dead and rotten, we shall be the richest people in all the colony——Come—don't stand still I, shall I; but to bed, at once, let's go—I don't understand a great deal of palaver, of this, and that, and t'other—you are handsome and have a good fortune—I'm a stout young fellow—sound wind and limb—and have a good estate—burn me, if you'll say the word—your coach shall be drawn by *Negroes* instead of horses. What d'ye say to it?—At this conclusion my raptur'd swain, with open mouth, stared and gaped for an answer. I protest, notwithstanding my unhappiness, I could scarce refrain laughing in his face, at his extraordinary address; and *Martha*, I perceived, was forced to bite her lip almost till it bled, to contain herself: at length however I assumed so much composure as to return the following answer. Mr *Carter*, I have heard all you have said, you see with patience, and wonder you should address me again, upon a subject on which my words and actions had so well explained my sentiments before; beside, Sir, methinks it is unlike a man of honour, to attack me in this manner, a visitor, and under your own roof, where I lye exposed to,

all your assaults, unable to help myself; but, however, I am now resolved to give you a full answer, Sir, such an one as will shew you my fixed and determined resolution, take it how you will. How, Sir, could you pretend to address a daughter, in such a manner, and, in order to ingratiate yourself with her, found your hopes of wealth encreased, and future joy upon the death of her parents? Let me tell you, Mr *Carter*, if you have been brought up in such irreverence to those that begot you, it has been far otherwise with me, who think it the greatest of crimes to despise or wish harm to those dear persons, to whom I am indebted for my being; and if my poor father, who indeed you have taught to see only with your eyes, has some foibles, it does not authorise me to notice them, or retort upon him the injuries he consents shall fall to my share. By these few hints of our difference in opinion, you'll conjecture what a wretched pair you and I should make,—your notions of things are all taken from outward objects—your education has been amongst your slaves; and this very morning you gave me a specimen of such brutality, that I shudder when I think what my fate would be, with such an unfeeling, un pitying husband.—My mind, Sir, aims rather at intellectual happiness, than at the vain gewgaws that

riches afford,—to dwell, even in an obscure cot, with a man of my own sentiments—a man adorned with knowledge, good sense, good nature, virtue and humanity, I should prefer before all the ridiculous and idle parade, you have laid before me, with such elegance of diction. No, Sir, but don't be affronted, I must assure you, if I am to make my choice either of death or you—I shall think the first most eligible:—I never will consent to such an unnatural union.—The coarseness of your language, is of a piece with the grossness of your sentiments, and equally an affront to delicacy and good manners; and, now Sir, I hope I shall be pester'd with your addresses no more; at least in this sojourn with your cousin, to whom I was brought on a visit, and, on my side, you shall discover nothing but good temper and civility, whilst I stay under your protection. I had no sooner finished these words, than the great oaf seemed turn'd into stone, and remained in a kind of inanimate silence, with mouth stretched open—eyes straining and staring me full in the face, and every other mark of stupid amazement; and thus he would longer have continued, if his father and cousin had not entered the room, which they no sooner did, than he got up and left it, with an action that betokened him humbled and mortified, and at

the same time brim full of malice and spite. At dinner my spark did not appear ; but at supper was drunk, and affected to be very good tempered, and the next and several succeeding days, I heard no more from any party upon this hated subject. All the while my father had never appeared, and I was in great pain to know how my dear mother did ; but expecting soon an end of my banishment, I put on as easy an air as possible, and frequently, with Miss *Oulton*, took an evening turn in the walks which I have described, at the back of the house, and sometimes obtained the pleasure of being alone there, with my *Martha*, to whom, whilst the whispering zepthers wanton'd amongst the leaves, I oft vented my passion, and my grief for the absence of my dearest *Tommy*. You know, dear Sir, that you flattered me formerly with having somewhat of an agreeable voice, and, by your tuneful example, I became a poetess, and my situation having softened and melted my soul into harmony, I dressed my complaints in verse, which often, in these retirements, this faithful girl teased me to sing. I have but a mean opinion of the lines ; but as they were a testimony of my affection you shall have them ; and then the amiable Miss *Barlow* sung the following stanzas to her raptur'd *Anderson*.

## S O N G.

TUNE, — *All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd.*

## I.

**T**HE silver moon, from clouded state,  
 Diffus'd abroad her peerless light;  
 The radiant stars around her wait,  
 Chearing the rugged brow of night:  
 When mourning Fanny, hapless, wretched  
     *fair,*  
 Thus to the silent grove reveal'd her care..

## H.

And whilst she sung, sad Philomel  
 Instant, her plaintive note forbore;  
 Superior griefs, she heard her tell,  
     *The wailing virgin's bosom tore;*  
 Each zephyr ceas'd, at once, his wanton play,  
 And bush was every leaf and sportive spray.

## III.

Al! me, she cry'd, what fate is mine!  
 To pride and avarice a prey!  
 And absent be, for whom I pine,  
     *An exile, wandering far away!*  
 What tearful sorrows may attack my swain,  
 Before these eyes behold him once again?

## IV.

*Nature disclaims in me her share,  
 A father acts the direful part ;  
 Pleas'd witness of my sad despair,  
 He plants the dagger in my heart :  
 Celestial powers ! in pity, change his mind,  
 Make him more just, more generous and more  
 kind.*

## V.

*Can wealth impart, or health, or ease  
 And calmness, to the tortur'd breast ?  
 Can gaily sliding moments please,  
 A maiden sorely so distress ?  
 For me, nor morn awakes the joyous song,  
 Nor e'en provides the friendly mirthful throng.*

## VI.

*Thus the poor trembling hare, pursu'd  
 By ruthless man and barb'rous hounds,  
 With one last scream alarms the wood ;  
 Each hill and dale the cry resounds ;  
 As I, all frantic, yet by hope beguil'd,  
 Breathe my complaints, in notes uncouth and wild,*

## VII.

*But heaven, perhaps has bliss in store,  
 For constancy and faultless truth ;  
 These arms, may then embrace, once more,  
 My Tommy, virtuous, lovely youth ;*

*Yes, yes, some angel whispers in my ear*  
“ Rewards await a passion so sincere.”

Mr *Anderson*, charmed to the highest degree, eagerly pressed the fair songstress in his arms; called her his *Sapho*, and told her her verses were like herself, all sweetness and softness, and complemented her upon the agreeable use she had made of *Milton's* epithets, in the first stanza; and then she again resumed her story:

One evening, when I, with *Martba*, had traversed the longest of these alleys, which brought us into the *Savannah*, a negroe, with great submission, accosted me, somewhat in whose face, methought, I recollected; and was soon eased of my doubt by the honest fellow's saying—Oh! mistress, you not know poor *Squanto*?—your goodee mistress—you lovee poor negroe, no beatee them—no whippee! Ah! *Squanto*, I cried, we have missed you at home a long time—how came you here?—You may remember *Squanto*, no doubt, who was one of the most docible negroes about our house, and who had a particular respect for you, and made such lamentations when you was thought killed by my father, in the *pine barren*, that he never afterwards forgave him: Some trifling fault having heightened this distaste, my fa-



ther, under the pretence of sending him to another plantation, had exchanged him with Colonel *Carter*, where he knew pretty well he would meet with more labour and punishment, than even he thought proper to trouble himself with the infliction of; and, to the many enquiries my mother and I made after him, he only replied that he was at a plantation he had at *Pongoteaq*. I was really glad to see *Squanto*, and so was *Martha*, nor could I help placing him in the light of a fellow sufferer, from the same barbarous and inhuman people; so bowed my spirits were with the idea of being in such hands. *Squanto* then, shaking his head, and the tears standing in his eyes, from the sense of his condition, returned, oh! mistress, you no livee here—here is de hell—de devils—torture poor negroes!—and then proceeded to give me a detail of such unheard of, wanton cruelty, from his two masters, nay from Miss *Oulton*, that nothing but his back, sides, arms and legs, furrowed with stripes, and marked with wounds, could have induced me to believe. I gave the poor fellow some shilling bills I had in my pocket, and assured him, if possibly I could, or if you returned to *Maryland*, we would redeem him from his slavery, the very thought of which made him jump and skip about, like one bewitched with joy. As I

knew a negroe would be questioned how he came by money, a commodity they seldom see, I marked upon every one of the bills (the gift of *Frances Barlow* to *Squanto*,) to prevent his being exposed to any punishment under suspicion of theft, and then we parted, *Squanto* returning to his hovel, and we, with weeping eyes and sighing hearts towards the house; reflecting upon the forlorn condition I was in—my *Tommy* absent—perhaps dead!—my mother dying with grief at my loss—and yet unable to help me or herself;—my father my enemy, and bent on my destruction, and myself in the custody of creatures totally destitute of goodness or humanity, and ignorant of all the principles of virtue. Could any state be more wretched?—no—and my eyes rained incessant tears, as with melancholy soul I ruminated over it. When we came in doors, Colonel Carter, with an air of good humour, banter'd me upon my solitary turn of mind, and took occasion to tell me, that my father was just gone, and that he would not stay to see me, for fear I should want to go home; which he would not permit me to do till I had been married to his son. To all this I made no answer, but a forced smile and a courtsey, not willing to exasperate the old man; for I had a scheme brewing in my mind, which seemed to promise fair, in its execution, to

extricate me from my present distress. This sight of *Squanto*, had put it into my head; that, with his assistance, an escape might be made from my prison to Mr Gordon's, under whose protection I resolved to put myself, and to hazard the loss of fortune and every thing else, rather than forfeit my faith to you, or make myself *splendidly* wretched, as my tormentors proposed: And, as to *Squanto*, I knew that gentleman would either protect him, or buy him from his master, and relieve him from his barbarous usage. In bed I imparted the affair to *Martha*, who seemed entirely of my opinion, and we both resolved to set about it the very next evening, by first sounding the spirit and abilities of *Squanto*. That faithful slave was at his old station, expecting me to walk that way, and I, after some other discourse, by which I found his courage and resolution of a proper cast, told him my situation and intention, and asked him if he would risk the hazard of helping me out of durance. In short *Squanto* was overjoyed at the proposal, and the thoughts of living with Mr Gordon and serving me; and we agreed, that two nights afterward, we would walk down the same alley, and that *Squanto*, after his work was ended, should secure three horses in the wood on the other side of the *Savannab*, and that if we came alone, and the coast was clear,

a signal should be given him, and then we were immediately to mount, and, through private ways, which were well known to *Squanto*, go to *Snow-hill*, the town in the neighbourhood of which Mr *Gordon* resided. I put on, for the intermediate space of time, a more than ordinary cheerfulness; nay even said a complaisant thing or two to your hated rival; so that they began to bless themselves at so sudden an alteration of behaviour, which they already attributed to the impressions, a sight of their riches, splendor and large possessions had made upon my mind. As to our cloaths and linen, we could convey none of them with us, except those upon our backs, and contented ourselves with leaving them at the mercy of the enemy. The day arrived, and with it a thousand difficulties and fears that had escaped my reflection before; the evening began to approach, and to encourage us the more, young *Carter* rode over to my father's, about some business; and, I took an opportunity when Miss *Oulton* was busy in her household affairs, to saunter with *Martha* towards the place of rendezvous, and got out, quite unsuspected of any other design than to take the refreshment of the cool breeze, that sported through the groves. *Martha* was also so provident as to commit to her pocket a pint bottle of brandy and two or three bis-

cuits, which she found in a cupboard in our apartment, and had been left there and forgotten: Well, at the *Savannah* we arrived, scared at every tree and rustling noise, and making the signal agreed upon, which was three loud hems, *Squanto* readily appeared; in an instant we crossed the *Savannah*, and mounting upon the wretched furniture the poor creature had affectionately provided, we set out on our journey, following our guide through the gloomy retreats of the wood, incommoded, at every step, by the *Palmetto* roots, which galled our horses feet, and by the vines, *China* briars and brambles, that continually crossed our way, and threatened to pull us from off our horses. Silently, I put up prayers to the Divine Being, for his assistance and protection, and the success of our enterprize; and then, by cheerfulness and proper incentive expressions, enlivened and encouraged my companions; particularly poor *Martha*, who was a little scared at our midnight adventure. Thus we travelled incessantly; fear keeping us from any inclination to sleep, till the morning twilight began to appear through the trees; nor had we failed to dole out frequent sips of the brandy to *Squanto*, however, with a caution to take care of his head, which he observed very punctually; and then he told us, we were within five miles

of *Snow-bill*, and had only private ways to go through, except about half a mile of the high road, which we were now entering, and must use the utmost expedition to pass. My heart went pit a pat at the danger we were in, for it was not above a mile and a half also from my father's, and a strange forboding melancholy overspread my mind, apprehensive of some accident that might retard my flight, and, too true were my presaging fears, for we had not got a stone's cast upon the road, when we heard the feet of horses, and two voices which were, alas! too well known, to put our misfortune into any doubt; for indeed it was my father and young *Carter*. I trembled like an aspin leaf; but my soul was still firm and prepared for the worst, all my concern being for *Martha* and *Squanto*, the latter of whom I advised, in as few words as possible, to make the best of his way to Mr *Gordon's*, tell him the story, and claim his protection; but the poor wretch was so scared, that he with difficulty sat his horse, and, before he could recollect himself, the two gentlemen had caught us with their eyes, and, I heard my father say, d--n it, there's *Frank!*—*Squanto* and *Martha!*—I'll be d---'d if they are not running away—and *Carter* reply, ay, by G-d—to be sure; but I'll take care of one, and immediately clapping spurs to his horse, sprung upon

*Squanto*, and with one blow from his whip felled him to the ground, and, alighting, beat him over the head, face and every part, in a most unmerciful manner, whilst I, quite frightened at the scene, in vain begged and prayed him to desist, for he had done nothing but at my solicitation and by my orders. Who doubts it, returned my father, all in rage—and I've a great mind here to make a sacrifice of you for it—you d---'d, disembling, disobedient little b---h—but your comrades shall pay for it, however—I'll see that! Tears choked my voice; I could not reply, and poor *Martha* looked like the picture of anguish and despair. They then put *Squanto*, quite senseless, and bruised all over, across his horse, and ordering me and *Martha* to ride before, followed us, hallowing and hooping like two savages, at the good luck, as they stiled it, of meeting us, my father saying, in a most provokingly scoffing manner,—by G-d, *Garter*, you must marry her out of hand, or the cunning w---e will be too hard for us all. By this time I had regained some courage, and now, thinking the worst had happened that could possibly befall me, resolved to prepare for the most dreadful event that was threatened, and, oh! God forgive me! but despair what soul can withstand! began to meditate upon the means of destroying myself,

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to get out of such merciless hands, and to escape a fate that I dreaded much more than death. *Martha* was loaded with curses and threats, to which she made no reply, and poor *Squanto* groaned incessantly; but was answered only by denunciations of the most tormenting and bitter cruelties, my father and his comrade vowing, they would see his ribs bare, with the *cow-skin*, before they went to rest. In this mood we came once more to the Colonel's, and there found every thing in an uproar, the old man fuming and swearing, and Miss *Oulton* raving at our escape; but, at the sight of us, it was all converted into triumph, accompanied with such a turn of expression from both, as convinced me their souls were of the meanest and basest cast, and I bore their laughter, insult and derision, without a change of countenance, or uttering a word. Soon after we alighted, my father locked me into a room by myself, and *Martha* into another, saying to me, d--n it, as you don't understand the use of liberty—and abuse it so—you shall enjoy it no more, by G-d. At that instant, but I soon check'd myself, I forgot he was my father, and exclaimed, monster in nature! I shall soon be out of your power! Then too late you may repent having sacrificed your daughter to a villain! It was however, though not intended, ex-



exercising mercy to us to confine us, for *Squanto*, weak and bruised as he was, underwent a series of punishments, mean time, that would terrify the hardest heart to conceive. All three of them assisted, after tiring five overseers in the devilish office, to send his soul from its suffering mortal habitation, and, when let down from the tree, he spoke or breathed no more. Oh! heaven! when I was told the direful tale, my breast was wounded too deeply to support the thought—wild and distracted. I raved—called them butchers!—fiends!—devils!—I fainted, and, for two days, was in such strong convulsions that even my cruel father began to relent, and talked of sending me home. But the Almighty Ruler of the universe, thought fit to raise me once more, and restored my strength; yet my mind, filled with nothing but gloomy despair, impressed most dismal traits upon my countenance, and I observed an obstinate silence to all about me, resolving never more to open my lips, unless it pleased my kind Creator to rescue me from the hands I was in, and once more, restore me to my dear mother's arms. As to *Martha*, she was conveyed away I knew not where, for I never saw her afterwards, and I was now in a more forlorn state than ever maid was before; forced to bear the insulting taunts of the ungenerous *Oulton*,

the gibes and lewd jests of the Colonel and his son, the rage of a father, and my own agitated imaginations, which now were become of the most dark and deadly complexion.

In this temper my father, the next morning, left me, after having endeavoured afresh to footh me to his purpose, which finding in vain, he bid me prepare for marriage or d-----n, when I next saw him, which should be in two days time, for then he was resolved I should have *Carter*; and all this was spoken by the inconsiderate man in the hearing of my three enemies.

I must own, at this time, all my affection for my father was extinct, I looked upon him as my deadly foe, as a murderer, and was even pleased when he was gone from my sight, as I had one tormentor the less to encounter with; but these last expressions of his, and his steadfastness in the match, encouraged the others to a brutal attempt, which had well nigh been executed; but for the watchful protection of providence, whose goodness I adore every moment I live! In short, this vile father and wicked son had contrived, with the abandoned *Gulton*, that the very next night, for I was now forced to be her bedfellow, by my father's com-

mand, she should let the young one into my apartment, not doubting but when he had triumphed over that silly pride of mine, as they called it, my chastity, I should be ready enough to marry him, and sue for a favour which I now with so much obstinacy refused; but before you hear the dreadful tale, I must make a small digression from my own affairs to another subject, which you'll soon find will have an intimate and miraculous connection with them.

The various and unprecedented barbarities exercised by these men upon their unhappy slaves, for a number of years, having met with no manner of opposition, from wretches bowed to the yoke by the continued hard hand of oppression, and who even began to think they were born to the usage they received; was considered by the Colonel as a matter of the highest satisfaction, and he used to boast that he had the tamest and most orderly *black flock* in the whole colony. But this tameness proceeded from yet a more generous temper in the negroes; for the policy of their master, as well as his profit, having induced him to provide them wives, or however the greatest number, of their own complexion, the soft tie intimidated them from any revolt or rising, terrified with the idea of losing the objects of

their care, and the numerous progeny, which alas ! were born to misery and sordid slavery, and to enrich the worthless *Garters*. About a year before my captivity, the Colonel had purchased an additional stock of *Negroes*, all brought from the *Gold-coast*, who are more remarkably bold, cunning and revengeful, than any other natives of *Guinea*, and, as a natural spirit of freedom taught them to disdain the servile labours they were destined to, they obstinately, often, refused to be instructed, and, when instructed, to practise the lessons they received; or practised them so awkwardly, as to engage punishment, which they bore hardly and were bent upon a thorough revenge, which they were egg'd on to the more, as they saw the slaves of no other plantation suffered such cruelties as they did. These *new Negroes* then, had absolutely refused the wives that had been offered them, and drew in all the unmarried old ones to the same sense of the injuries they endured, and the same schemes of revenge. *Squanto's* catastrophe, who was likewise a *Gold-coast* *Negro*, and had embarked in their designs, worked them up, almost to madness, and, at this time of my dismallest distress, they were contriving to make speedy and effectual examples of our common persecutors; having fixed upon the very night, which was destined for my

undoing, to execute their project. The day preceding it, being *Sunday*, when the *Negroes* are suffered (the only pleasure they enjoy) to be with their families, and to work in the little spots that yield them vegetable food, they had more abundant opportunity for their machinations, and eleven at night was pitched upon for them to rise, surround the house, burn it, with all the out-houses, and to massacre the *Carters*, father and son, with *Oulton*, who had frequently been the cause of, and promoted many of the cruelties acted towards them; but if they met with no opposition from the white servants and overseers, determined to shed no more blood, but to seize what provisions and arms they thought requisite, and then escape, or fight their way through, towards the *Apalachian* mountains, where they proposed to maintain their liberty against all opposers. Thus, my dearest *Tommy*, you see how heaven ordered things in our favour, which frequently reminds me of those excellent lines of our favourite poet,

*So dear to Heaven is saintlike chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin or guilt,*

As to my part, little imagining either the

danger or deliverance that awaited me, I passed the day in my usual perturbations of mind ; and, in short, preparing for the exit, which I had resolved upon, if my hand was forced in wedlock's band with your contemptible rival ; nor did the then situation of my labouring, anxious bosom, suffer me to reflect that God *had placed his cannon against self murder* ; but I have heard you say, that many such instances of suicide arise from frenzy, induced by misfortunes or weak nerves, and that you could never imagine any persons of reason or reflection, could coolly and deliberately make away with himself ; that the *Greek* word signifying madness, implied almost as much, and that the suicide, like other madmen, dwells too constantly and intently upon some fixed gloomy thought, which causes his lunacy. To be sure I was, and reason I had, quite delirious with my griefs, or so vile a method of escaping my pains had not found harbour in my brain. As to the *Carters* and *Miss Oulton*, they put on a more reserved air than ordinary, all the day ; but towards evening, I observed so much whispering, backwards and forwards, such queer and quaint looks at me, so many sly winks and nods, that I began to be alarmed, and, Heaven to be sure inspiring me, resolved to sit up late in our chamber that night to finish the reading

a book, which happened by some accident to be in the house, which was not worthy of such a treasure; namely *Lucas* of happiness. When the soul is overspread with gloom and melancholy, we become superstitious, and the lightest circumstances administer to our disorder; my nose accidentally dropped two or three drops of blood; this you may be sure I also construed into a warning of some intended evil, which still confirmed me in my resolution. Thus, differently affected, we separated at our usual hour, which was nine, and Miss *Oulton* and I went up to our chamber, where observing me take the book and seat myself down, she used great persuasions for me to come to bed, and insisted upon it with a warmth, that still more and more surprized me, and, seeing me resolved to the contrary, sat down at the table by me, and seemed to fall into a dose, which continued for near half an hour: she then appeared to wake, for it was all grimace, and again pestered me to go to bed, which I excused myself from doing to finish the book; by this time the clock had struck ten, and madam, with a mortified air, told me she would not go to rest before me, and, in about a minute after, fell asleep, to all appearance again, for another half hour, at least; when seeming to wake, she cried, it is a fine night, I'll go and take a walk be-

fore the door, since you won't go to bed, till you have done, and, so saying, bolted out of the room and down stairs; she had not been gone above a quarter of an hour, before I heard her, as I thought, come softly up again; but, good God! what was my surprise, to survey young *Carter*, in his night-gown, enter my door, and, the minute he had got into the room, fasten it on the inside. At first my tongue was ty'd by the strange sight, and I trembled from head to foot, no longer doubting but some bad usage awaited me; but resuming myself, after these moments of sudden amazement, I cried, in an elevated tone of voice, and with a countenance all inflam'd. What is your meaning, Mr *Carter*, that, without any ceremony, you enter my apartment at this late hour, and that you have secured the door? pray retire, Sir, and learn to act more becomingly to a visitor and a person of my sex. Whilst I spoke these words, I looked stedfastly in his face, and perceived him turn pale, and it was with a faltering voice, that, after two or three minutes pause, he drawled out—why, you won't have me by fair means—and you must by foul, I think, then—you can have no help—father knows of my coming, and so does Miss *Bet*, by G-d! and proceeded to utter such a heap of balderdash nonsense, that never sure in-



truded upon a virgin's ears before. In short, I was so astonished that I could make no reply, and the brute at once seizing me in his arms, endeavoured to bear me towards the bed, which, crying and screaming, I endeavoured to prevent with all the little strength I had. Oh! my *Tommy*, what were my thoughts at this dire moment!—words are too insufficient to paint all the horror and terror of my mind! however, my efforts were so powerful, that my antagonist began to tire, and, seeing he could carry me no further, let me fall on the middle of the floor, with disheveled hair and torn attire, and would have proceeded to liberties that are shocking to me, even in idea.

Just at this instant, when I was quite weakened and jaded, rather dead than alive, and almost incapable longer to support the cruel conflict, I heard *Oulton's* voice at the door, and continued knocking, attended with these words, *Mr Carter! Mr Carter!* Lord help us! the *Negroes* are all in arms, and have set fire to the stores and out-houses!—for God sake! make haste!—we shall all be murdered!—your father is getting up! and, indeed, turning my weeping eyes towards the window, I perceived an extraordinary light, as of fire, and resumed spirits enough to cry—Blessed powers!—this

is your goodness!——Oh! fire!—murder! any thing let me meet, rather than stay in this cursed house! Upon such alarming tidings, the wretch, at once, disengaged me, and, running to the door, opened it and went down stairs, with his cousin, whilst I got up and flung myself into a chair, a torrent of tears streaming from my eyes, and, Heaven forgive me! wished the *Negroes* might prevail and punish my unworthy foes; but in less than half an hour I was raised from my state of insensibility by the report of guns, the shouts of the slaves, and now and then repeated groans, and I thought I heard Miss *Oulton* scream and cry for mercy, in her turn: The horrid confusion of sounds soon drowned her voice, and looking through the window, I perceived the house surrounded by the sable mutineers, and in a few minutes after the flames ascending up to my apartment. 'Twas in vain now I thought, to think of living more, and abating some tender thoughts of my dear mother and you, which still dwelt in my suffering mind, and turned my views to life, I was resigned to the fate that awaited me—had known too many sorrows to quit this mortal stage with reluctance, and, falling on my knees, in that posture, expected the devouring element to surround me; fervently thanking God for all his mercies; particularly for the

last, my escape from violation,—praying for my parents—you—my enemies—and recommending my soul to his gracious care. A calm accompanied this holy exercise that was surprizing, and a dying martyr could not have felt more inward peace and consolation: Providence, however, thought fit to relieve me from my condition, and, hearing a noise at the door, I turned my eyes towards it, and perceived a white man enter, who approaching me with great respect—seemed struck with my posture;—but, all in a hurry, cried—Miss! for God sake let me save your life!—if you stay a minute you are lost! and taking me by the hand, led, or rather pulled me down stairs, whilst I heard the wainscots of the adjacent rooms crackling with the flames which had even caught the ballustres, and was almost scorched in descending them. My guide hurried me to the back of the house, and, through a door that opened into the garden, we made our escape, and then, holding by his arm, fear adding wings to our speed, we traversed, unobserved, the back walks to the *Savannah*, where another white man waited with three horses, on one of which being placed, and my assistants mounting the others, the silence all along observed was broken by my deliverer's saying, Miss, pray ride as fast as possible—an hour will bring us out of danger.

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With eyes lifted up, in humble acknowledgment to the Divine Being, I followed him—not could utter one word, my heart was so full, and in this condition, in about the time mentioned, we stoped at a large house, the inhabitants of which were alarmed by my companions acquainting them of the mischief doing at *Carter's*. I did not recollect that I had ever seen the face of any person about me; but a well looking matron-like woman eying me with tenderness, said to one of the men, is this young gentlewoman a relation of your master's? No, madam, he replied, 'tis Miss *Barlow*, whom I rescued at the hazard of my life. At these words she welcomed me to her house—told me she was sorry for my fright, and said she knew my mother very well. Hearing that dear name, I now thought myself in a place of security, and soon learned that it was the house and plantation of one Mr *M'Dougal*, and that it was near six miles further from our house, than Colonel *Carter's*. After these good men had withdrawn, for they soon went to raise the country, I understood by my kind hosts, that one was the clerk and the other an overseer of *Carter's*; but as to their thinking of me and inducement to run the hazard of saving me, that I was to learn from their own mouths. The family was in such a consternation, that no one offered a-

gain to go to bed, and, as to my part, though advised to that refreshment, I was in no condition to take it. In an hour after, the house was full of planters, all armed, for Mr *McDougal* was a major of the militia, who soon marched off, headed by that gentleman, towards *Carter's* plantation, and my two rescuers a little while after returning, informed us that they had alarmed the whole country about us, and that above two hundred men were marching from all parts to quell the rebellious *Negroes*. It was now broad day, and the same persons then acquainted us of every thing relating to the *Negro* conspiracy, which I have told you before, and further informed us that old *Carter*, his son and Miss *Oulton*, with seven or eight white men, were murdered; the whole plantation destroyed, and nothing spared but the *Negro* quarter at the further side of the *Savannah*: That the father and son were shot, and *Oulton*, flying away, was overtaken at the wood side and stabbed: That the persons who rescued me, coming from a plantation at some distance, drawn by the fire and report of guns at their master's, found her alone, expiring, and that she uttered these words, Oh! I have deserved all this!—for God sake, if possible, fly to my room!—save poor *Fanny Barlow*!—let me be the instrument of doing some good to

that young creature!—whom I have so much abused! and with a hideous groan she immediately surrendered her breath: That they then, perceiving all lost, and the slaves employed in loading themselves with plunder from the stores, for they took nothing from the house, burning it with all in it, one of them hastened to provide horses, and the other, at the utmost risk, generously obeyed the orders of his dying mistress, as I have related. I expressed my sincere gratitude to my preservers for my life, and promised to procure them a suitable reward from my parents, to whom Mrs *M'Dougal* promised to convey me the next day, and soon after they departed with another party, in pursuit of the rebels, promising to come to my father's when they had contributed all in their power to revenge their master's death. The next morning, Major *M'Dougal* returned home, and informed us that the *Negroes* had retreated towards *Virginia*; having lost twenty of their number, and that the Whites had already had eleven killed: he was wounded, which was the reason of his leaving his duty. And now the good gentlewoman performed her promise, and after taking leave of the worthy family in a manner suitable to my obligations to it, attended by two servants, I set out for my father's house, to which I had now been so long a stranger, full of

eager expectation to embrace my dearest mother. My thoughts, during the journey, were taken up in reflecting, with a thankful mind, on the wonders wrought in my favour and my happy deliverance, and I sincerely prayed for forgiveness and mercy to all my late enemies, who now were gone to give account of their misdeeds, before a *Being* whose anger they had so much provoked. It was evening before we came to our house, having met with no interruption in our journey, but from the number of armed parties that questioned us as we past them. My father, scared out of his wits, was upon the same expedition, so that I found only my mother at home, who received me as one from the grave; we mutually shed tears of unaffected joy, and were never tired of embracing one another; she had been imposed upon all this while and told that I was well and easy, and desired her, from time to time to permit me to prolong my stay at *Carter's*; but when she understood all I had underwent, and the cruel usage of my father, I thought she would have died with anguish. She was so much irritated against the unfortunate family, that she could not help even shewing some satisfaction at their punishment; but soon check'd herself by a more christian spirit of thinking. Ten days after, my father returned with the news that the

*Negroes* had, at last, gained the fastnesses of the mountains, to the number of sixty or thereabout, the rest being killed by their pursuers, where they still hold out against all the force of the two colonies. He farther informed us, that he had received an account from the men who saved me, of all that miraculous affair; but added, to my great and sincere grief, that the generous worthy creatures had both lost their lives by the enemy's fire, about five days before; by which, continued he, I have lost the opportunity of rewarding so much merit. He then, with a tenderness that amazed me, embraced my mother, and, advancing to me, folded his arms about me, and cried, —the tears standing in his eyes—my *Fanny*! —my dear *Fanny*!—can you forgive me?—I have used you sadly indeed: I now suffer more than I can speak!—Oh! that I should wrong so much virtue! I was so affected with his expressions, that I fell on my knees, and said, dear Sir,—I shall never remember any thing that has passed—my future life will be too short to repay this goodness—now indeed I know what it is to have a father!—all that I have endured is fully repaid! My mother's eyes ran over with tears of joy, she blessed this happy unexpected change, hung about his neck, and said, this was the most blissful hour of her life. **L**



short my father had been so truly affected with this fatal catastrophe of *Carter's*, that it made a total change in his disposition and temper, and a day or two afterwards, which was the first time he mentioned you, except in passion, since he sent you away, or that we dared to mention you before him, he surprized my mother and me by the following words. Oh! my dear daughter—I have wronged you—Heaven has declared against us—would to God, my dear, turning to my mother,—I had taken your advice with regard to poor *Tom*—he generously told us the consequences of using our *Negroes* with cruelty, and read the destiny of his enemies the two *Carters*, at whose instigation I sold him.—I wish he was here—I would ask his pardon—Nay, I think I could give him my daughter! No surprize was ever greater than ours; but, poor man, though his repentance was late, it was sincere—he from that day always spoke of you with affection—hoped he should live to hear from you, and used his servants and *Negroes*, as well as my mother and me, so tenderly, that our usual dread of him was turned into sincere love and reverence. He reconciled himself with Mr *Gordon*, and, but for your absence, we had been entirely happy.

Indeed one thing very much troubled me,

for enquiring after my poor faithful *Martha*, my father, with great contrition, told us that he had used her with great severity, had then sold her to another planter, who having behaved inhumanly to her, she fell ill and died the second day of her illness, of a violent fever. Thus I was disappointed in that earnest desire I had, to display my gratitude to those who had been my fast friends; but pure and untainted enjoyment is not the lot of mortals in this life. I mourned over her fate with tears of real sorrow, and my father expressed his repentance for his usage of her. Perfectly easy now in my situation at home once again, my thoughts became fixed to their old object, and my *Tommy's* absence and my ignorance of his fortune drew incessant tears from my eyes. The arguments of Mr *Gordon*, more than any thing, supported my spirits, he represented your strange fortune, the miracles that had, almost, been performed in your favour, and told me he did not doubt but God would restore you to us. But ah! my dear *Tommy*, year after year rolling away, and no tidings of you, reduced my soul to the very brink of despair, and my body almost to the grave. Oh! heavens! in this situation, how good you was to me and my afflicted mother!—Letters arrived from you in *Virginia*, accompanied by this dear watch, which

has been my constant companion ever since, tokens of remembrance to your other friends, all displaying that good, that grateful breast, and letters of your strange and blessed reverse of fortune. Oh! the tumultuous joy my soul then experienced—in short, I had not strength to support the glad tidings, but fainted in my father and mother's arms; and when I recovered—I surveyed your constancy and perseverance, in your love to me, with a gratitude that is inexpressible, and that still increased my affection, if possible, to the object of my fear and my care. My father was charmed with your disposition and temper; for, if you remember, you asked after his welfare kindly, in your letter to my mother, and said, he hoped he should live to prove deserving your forgiveness; but providence, perhaps, alas! to punish his former obdurateness, permitted him not to live to this joyful day; for soon after he fell ill of the spotted fever, which carried him off in less than a week. He, by his will, left eight thousand pounds to me, and the rest of his fortune, which my mother has since turned into cash, being five thousand pounds more, to her for life, and then to me and my heirs, and desired to be remembered with his last breath to you. Indeed he had latterly behaved so kindly, so much like a parent, that we lamented his death with un-

feigned tears. And now, expecting your return every day with impatience, I began to grow distracted almost with your delay, when Mr *Ferguson* was so good to take a tour to *Virginia*, on purpose to get tidings of you; and here again, we were informed, you was unfortunately a prisoner to the *French*, and was likely to be sent to *Europe*. Thus my full-blown hopes again were blasted, and since that my mother and I have dragged on a wretched being, always divided betwixt beguiling hope and cruel fear. But at last God has given you to my eyes, and you are safely returned to possess that place in my arms that was always destined for you. Here the charming maid ceased her affecting narration, and Mr *Anderson* folding her in his arms, told her he now hoped to recompence all her sufferings, and never more to be out of her sight. He lamented the death of her father, and said, if he had lived he should have thought himself still more happy, and over and over, bestowed the warmest encomiums upon the behaviour of *Squanto*, *Martba*, and her two deliverers, wishing they had lived till his arrival, and saying he should not have thought half his fortune a sufficient recompence for their goodness to his darling *Fanny*. I short, through the whole story of her injurious treatment, he was now worked up to passion, anon melted into tears, and

again lifting up his hands and eyes in admiration and thanksgiving. When they returned into the house, he once more embraced his dear friends, and flinging his arms round Mrs *Barlow's* neck, said, my dear mamma! I have two mothers now; but you was my first, and shall ever have my warmest affection. He then proposed, that, in a day or two, they should take a tour to the ship, telling them he had brought some things as a testimony of his gratitude and respect, and others from his parents, as presents to them—which he hoped would prove agreeable. He presented *Fanny* with a ring from his father, and the rich box from his mother, which she received with her usual grace, her eyes sparkling upon her lover, and her bosom heaving with acknowledgment, and they were admired by the whole company.

The next day he earnestly besought his dear Mrs *Barlow* to spend the rest of her days with him and her daughter in *England*, to which she answered, that she needed no intreaty to that, but was ready to depart when they did, for life would be life nowhere without them, and she had disposed of all her affairs in *Maryland* in order to settle where they thought proper. Her grateful son returned her a thousand acknowledg-

ments for her condescension, and promised to consult her ease in all he did. He then endeavoured to persuade Mr *Ferguson*, his spouse and Mr *Gordon* to come to the same resolve, promising they should be sharers of all his fortune; but as they were now quite wedded to the country and climate, they did not choose to remove to *Europe*; and therefore, he first made Mr and Mrs *Ferguson* a present of one thousand pounds, and five hundred pounds to Mr *Gordon*, promising that on all occasions, at the least warning, they should command any sum he was master of. They would have declined such unexampled favours, but he would not hear the least mention of it. For honest *Duncan Murray*, he bought a pretty plantation, and gave him one hundred pounds to stock it and settle on it, and made magnificent returns to Major *McDougal* and his spouse for their goodness to his *Fanny*. In a few days they visited the Captain, on shipboard, when Mr *Anderson* presented to Mr *Gordon* and Mr *Ferguson* the library he had purchased for them, as a joint possession between them, which cost him near one hundred and fifty pounds, at which Mr *Gordon* said, Well, Sir; this indeed is some small amends for the loss we are going to sustain of your society, and that of these two ladies. The ladies were all three pleased with the rich silks, sent by

Mrs *Anderson*, which were of the finest fabric and the newest patterns, and it was a work of some days to convey all these things up to *Senepuxon*.

At length the expected day arrived, which was to unite the hands of the most faithful pair, that ever entered the bands of *Hymen*. They never looked more beautiful than that day, and Mr *Gordon* performed the ceremony with an edifying solemnity. A superb entertainment, at which all the neighbouring planters assisted, with music and dancing, according to the genius of the country, succeeded; and the rapturous night made them still dearer to each other, than ever.

*Here love lights up his golden lamp;  
Reigns here and revels !*

Three weeks longer were spent in all the delights of love and friendship at *Senepuxon*, when our lovers began to think of departing for *Europe*, and, having taken a mournful, affectionate farewell of Mr *Gordon*, and Mr and Mrs *Ferguson*, who saw them to the ship, Mr *Anderson* and his lady and Mrs *Barlow* embarked, and sailed up *James-river*, from whence they repaired to *Williamsburgh*, where they were nobly entertained by Mr *McKen-*

zie, with whom Mr *Anderson* settled his own affairs and his father's. Here he received letters of thanks and fine presents from the governors of *Canada* and *Meville*, in return for those he sent from *France*—and heard, to his great satisfaction, that all Capt. *Matthewson's* servants, to whom he had been so generous, prospered in their affairs.

Their voyage to *England* was speedy and prosperous, and Mr *Anderson* landed at *Portsmouth*, with a cargo, his lovely wife and dearest mother, superior, in his mind, to all the gold and diamonds of the *Indies*. From thence, after shewing them every thing remarkable in the journey, they went to *London*, in a coach and six, where, upon advice from him, his father and mother were arrived at Mr *Perkin's* to receive them, and with grateful affection embraced their daughter-in-law and her mother, who soon became their inseparable companions, and extremely fond of their new cousins. After they had seen every thing curious in *London*, all their goods were arrived from the ship, and Mr *Anderson* had made the Captain a valuable present for his care and kindness, they set out with a grand retinue for their seat in *Yorkshire*, to enjoy that rest and felicity their worth and goodness had so much merited. He did not fail to inform the Mar-